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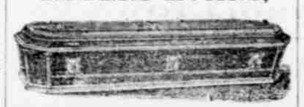

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Sick-Headache AND DYSPEPSIA.

QUEER.

Go travel the round world far and near,
Through shade and sunshine of a weary year,
When the sky is dark, or when 'tis clear,
When the winds are still or the storms appear,
In the flush of spring or the autumn sere,
You will always find as you do here,
A host of things that are always queer.

The people are queer, the low and high,
Queer in their gait as they hurry by,
Queer in their manner so coy and shy,
Queer in the glance of the haughty eye,
"All people are queer beneath the sky,"
As the Quaker said, "but thee and I,
And thee is a *little*, or pretty nigh."

Queer is the dude with parted hair—
Attar of roses and grease of bear,
And often the tailor's blank despair—
Nursing his cane for a constant care,
Learning by effort to lisp and swear,
Drifting away from a mother's prayer
The cap and bells of a fool to wear.

Queer that the right will sometimes fail,
Seeming to stray from the narrow trail,
While the wrong sweeps on with bending sail,
Catching the breath of the passing gale:
That vice should weigh in the turning scale
More than honor and truth in mail,
'Tis queer as the use of a comet's tail!

Queer are the games the children play,
Queer are the prayers the people say,
Queer are the dreams that have passed away—
The forms of beauty to moldering clay—
The hopes that vanish, the law's delay,
The roses of June that bloom in May—
All queer as an honest vote to-day.

But queerer still, it is very plain,
Is the greed that thrives on a brother's bane:
The queerest of all in the world's wide train,
Strange as the joy that is born of pain,
Or the song of the bird in the summer rain,
That men will wear for the greed of gain
The curse and the branded brow of Cain.
—Benj. F. Leggett, in Troy (N. Y.) Times

HER CURIOSITY.

The Mortifying Situation Into Which It Led Mrs. Pryam.

Mrs. Pryam was a slave to her curiosity. She was always wanting to know things it did not concern her to know.

She spent much time in useless wonderings about this and about that. She wondered what her neighbors had in the bundles she saw them carrying home. She wondered what they had for dinner and how much their clothes cost, how much Mr. Smith's salary was a year and whether or not the Browns had paid for their handsome furniture.

Mrs. Pryam was also a woman of ideas. She had an idea that Mr. and Mrs. Jones didn't live happily together. She didn't know, but she "rather thought" that the Greens were behind with their rent and that the Blacks lived beyond their means.

The arrival of a stranger in the neighborhood gave Mrs. Pryam rich food for wonderment, and she spent much of her time wondering who he was, where he came from, where he was going, what he wanted and if he had a family. If nothing definite could be learned she was apt to fancy that he was a fugitive from justice.

It follows from all this that Mrs. Pryam was not a popular woman and that her neighbors did not take her into their fullest confidence.

A large and handsome house across the street from Mrs. Pryam's having become vacant, Mrs. Pryam began wondering who its next occupants would be, and when after a few weeks the house was rented by a strange family Mrs. Pryam gave herself up to wondering about her new neighbors.

It was not many days before she knew that the name of the family was Marcy and that its members were Mr. and Mrs. Marcy, an elderly couple, and their four sons and daughters, all of whom were grown to manhood and womanhood.

When she called, which she did before the family had been two weeks in the house, Mrs. Pryam found the Marcys to be agreeable people and a pleasant addition to the society of the neighborhood. Other people formed the same opinion of the Marcys and it was not long before they became decidedly popular.

They were a kindly, cordial and intelligent family, as even suspicious Mrs. Pryam admitted, and it was some time before she found any thing to criticise in their daily life, although she found much to wonder about.

"I wonder," she said one day to a neighbor, "why the Marcys always keep the shutters of that pleasant little second-story room in the west wing of the house closed?"

"I never noticed that the shutters were not kept open," was the reply.

"Haven't you?" said Mrs. Pryam, in a tone of surprise. "Why, I noticed it the first day they moved in, and I couldn't help thinking it a little strange. When the Percys lived there Mrs. Percy used that room for a little sitting-room of her own, and I've heard her say that she thought it was the pleasantest room in the house. I should think the Marcys would need it, large as their family is. It looks so odd to see the shutters of that room always closed and the others always open—even to the attic shutters. They've never been open since the Marcys took the house. Isn't it strange?"

Mrs. Pryam had found so many natural things "strange" that she could not arouse her neighbor's interest in the very remarkable circumstance that a certain window was not used as she thought it ought to be.

But as the weeks passed there was opportunity for Mrs. Pryam's wonder to grow, for the blinds of that window were still always closed.

"I've seen little streaks of light streaming through at night sometimes," Mrs. Pryam said one day to her husband.

"Well, what if you have, my dear?" he said, laughingly. "Do you suppose the Marcys are another tribe of Benders, and that they entice strangers into that room and murder them?"

"You know I don't," replied Mrs. Pryam, reproachfully. "I simply wonder why they don't make any use of such a desirable room as that when I've heard Mrs. Marcy say that they were really crowded for room, large as the house is."

When the Marcys had lived about six months in their new home they gave a large party to which all their neighbors were invited. The invitation gave Mrs. Pryam great satisfaction. "I've often wondered," said she, "if they had the upstairs rooms as handsomely furnished as those down-stairs, and now I shall have a chance to find out."

The Pyrams were late in arriving at the party, and as the parlors were already filled with guests, Mrs. Pryam found that she could "look around a little upstairs" before going down after she had taken off her wraps. She peeped slyly into three or four rooms, mentally commenting on their appearance, and while doing so began to "wonder and wonder" what there could be in the room with the closed shutters.

She knew the exact location of the room, and had taken a step or two toward it when Mr. Pryam stepped from the gentlemen's dressing-room and interfered with her plans. But she had not abandoned her purpose. All the evening she was on the watch for a chance to satisfy her curiosity. She had purposely left her handkerchief in the ladies' dressing-room, and when she could do so without attracting attention she slipped out of the parlor and went upstairs.

All the upper rooms and halls were deserted. The door of the room with the closed shutters was shut, while all the other doors on that floor were open wide, a fact that increased Mrs. Pryam's curiosity.

"There can't be any harm in just peeping into the room," she argued, "and I would really like to know what there is in it. I'll just take one peep in anyhow."

She turned the knob, the door was not locked, and as it partly opened Mrs. Pryam heard some one coming hurriedly up the stairs. There was no time to escape from the narrow passage in which she found herself and, fearing detection, she stepped quickly into the room, closed the door softly behind her, and found herself in total darkness. A moment later, to her unspeakable dismay, she heard the door of the room locked by some one on the outside.

Her curiosity now gave place to a feeling of alarm.

What was she to do? How could she escape? She stood still in the darkness asking herself these questions. She dared not cry out and bring shame and disgrace on herself by confessing to what lengths her curiosity had led her. She began groping her way around the room with outstretched hands until she touched the mantel, and the next moment her hand rested on a box of matches.

She struck a match and held it between her thumb and finger, and as the little flame for one brief instant lighted up the room Mrs. Pryam gave utterance to an ear-piercing scream and ran wildly around the room, upsetting chairs and tables in the darkness, and wildly crying out:

"Help! help! Let me out! Let me *out!* Murder! Help! Will no one let me out of this horrible room?"

Some one was about to sing in the parlor below, and there was the usual hush of expectation, which was broken by Mrs. Pryam's screams.

Mr. Marcy ran quickly upstairs followed by many of the guests, and as the screams still continued with increased shrillness it was easy to discover whence they came.

Mr. Marcy unlocked the door on which Mrs. Pryam was beating with her clenched fists. She staggered from the room with a pallid face, and fell into her husband's arm, crying out: "Oh, James, take me away from this horrible house. There's been murder done in that room!"

Mr. Marcy and his guests stared in amazement for a moment, then the host, with a half-suppressed smile, stepped into the room, lighted the gas, and touching an artificial skeletan hanging from a hook in the wall near the mantel, he said:

"Perhaps this is what frightened you, Mrs. Pryam."

On shelves around the room were jars filled with liquids of various sorts, and with specimens of snakes, toads, lizards and other animals preserved in alcohol, while on tables and stands were the instruments one often sees in chemical laboratories. A strong odor of chemicals pervaded the room. Half a dozen skulls were on the mantel, and great owls and eagles, dead years before, looked down from the top of cases filled with queer-looking instruments.

Turning to his surprised guests Mr. Marcy said: "Some of you may know that I was for many years a practising physician, and I have always been greatly interested in natural history and in scientific pursuits of various kinds. I have for a number of weeks been making some interesting chemical experiments in my little laboratory which has been kept dark all the time for that purpose, or I might have had it open before for the amusement of my friends who care to see the specimens I have here.

"It occurred to me a few moments ago that I had neglected to lock the door of the room, and I thought I ought to do so to save some of the ladies from opening the door by mistake and receiving just such a shock as Mrs. Pryam has had, so I ran up stairs and locked the door, not knowing that I had been too late in taking this precaution, and I must beg Mrs. Pryam's pardon for my carelessness in leaving the door unlocked."

Although Mr. Marcy made this explanation in a bland and smiling manner, there was a quiet sarcasm in his words he could not conceal, and which was not lost upon his hearers. Mrs. Pryam made matters worse for herself by saying, half hysterically:

"I—I—just wanted to see what was in the room. That was all. I have so often wondered—"

Her deeply-chagrined husband led her from the hall, and in a few moments they were on their homeward way.

The lesson proved to be a wholesome one for Mrs. Pryam, and when a few months later she and her husband moved to another town she left much of her curiosity behind her, and wisely concluded to give her attention wholly to her own affairs.—Youth's Companion.

Why the Barber Pole Is Striped.

Anciently barbers performed minor operations in surgery, particularly bleeding. To assist in this operation the patient would grasp a staff or pole which was always kept by the barber-surgeons. To this staff was tied the tape used in bandaging the patient's arm. When not in use the pole was hung outside as a sign of the duties performed within. Later the identical pole used by patients was not exhibited as a sign, but instead a painted pole was placed beside the doorway. At first surgeons' poles were painted red and white striped, while those of mere barbers were required to be white and blue. This law was enforced in England up to 1792.—St. Louis Republic.

Likely to Inspire Confidence.

Customer—How much?

Druggist—Seventy-five cents. By the way, I wish you would tell me, next time you happen in, whether this helps your bronchitis or not. I filled the same prescription last week for a man whose corns were troubling him.—Chicago Tribune.

ASPIRATION.

Within the meadow of Time's book
Let my song be the laughing brook
That sings along its silver way
As 'twere a dryad gone astray,
Seeking by music's balm to bless
The hunger of its loneliness.
Let all my lines like ripples run,
Forever mirroring the sun;
Gay as the light lisp of a leaf,
Unmarred by any gust of grief;
Sweet as the soft South wind that blows
Its tender love-song to the rose;
Clean-cut and perfect as a gem
Set in a Sultan's diadem.

So, later, if my rhymes be read
By maid or youth, it may be said:
His was a slender reed whose notes
Were fashioned in the birds' slim throats;
Their joyous cadences and sweet
He made his melodies repeat.
No melancholy strain he knew;
His skies were always bright and blue.
Life seemed for him to slip along
As smoothly as his limpid song,
Which, in its grace and simple art,
Echoes the gladness in his heart.
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Harper's Bazar.

BY A TURN OF THE KEY.

The Neat Way in Which Madge Captured the Robbers.

"Well! Good-bye, Madge, and take care of yourself; the gig is alongside, so I suppose I must be off; but I wish to goodness you had let me chuck the whole thing over when I spoke about it this morning; I hate leaving you all by yourself. Well, at any rate, I shan't be late."

So spoke Bertie Hepburn, the owner of the yacht Cormorant, as smart a schooner as ever flew the white ensign, to his wife, who was standing rather disconsolately at the door of the main cabin, while her husband struggled into a huge oilskin-coat, preparatory to going ashore.

It was a wild night, dark as pitch, the rain was falling in torrents, and an icy wind, blowing straight from the Apennines, did not make matters more comfortable. The Cormorant had been weather-bound in the harbor of Port Ercole, an unimportant town about eighty miles north of Civita Vecchia, for nearly a week; there was absolutely nothing to be seen there; but the harbor was a good one, and the weather outside was decidedly "dirty."

They had been cruising for about three months in the Mediterranean, and meant to prolong the cruise till spring. Bertie Hepburn was a man who, happy and contented everywhere, was never so happy as on board his own yacht, and he was more fortunate than many yacht-owners in one respect, inasmuch as his wife, pretty, charming Madge Hepburn, was as devoted to a seafaring life as he was himself.

She had not even grumbled over their forced detention at Fort Ercole, as so many women would have done, and it was she who had insisted on Bertie keeping his engagement to dine with the Vice-Consul on Christmas Eve. That unfortunate gentleman, whose life, passed among a people with whom he had nothing in common, was one round of dull routine, was delighted to welcome the owner of any stray yacht driven by stress of weather into the snug haven of Port Ercole, and, on the arrival of the Cormorant, had come on board in state to bid them to a dinner at the shabby house dignified by the name of Her Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consulate. Madge had sent an excuse, a perfectly true one, that a bad cold prevented her coming ashore in such weather, but she would not hear of her husband also throwing over his engagement.

"I shall be all right, Bertie," she said. "I have no end of letters to write, and you won't be late." There was an utter absence of joviality about the meal, and she got through it as quickly as possible, much to the secret joy of the steward, who had his own plans for his evening's amusement on hand.

"If you please, ma'am," said he, as he cleared the things away, "I should like to go ashore this evening, if you have no objection."

"Oh! no, certainly you are welcome to go."

"If you please, ma'am," said her maid five minutes afterward, "the captain says there are great doings in the cathedral to-night, and he will take me ashore to have a look at them if you don't want me."

"No, you can go by all means, Dunne," said her mistress; "but I'm afraid you'll get very wet landing."

Their departure in the dinghey five minutes after seemed to leave the yacht wonderfully quiet. There was not a sound to be heard but the drip of the rain on deck and the moaning of the wind in the rigging. The sailors were all snug in the foc'sle, but no sound of voices came from thence, and the good ship Cormorant might have been a derelict as far as any life on board was concerned.

Madge Hepburn, who was both impressionable and imaginative, was impressed by the stillness in spite of herself. "We must keep each other company, Cheviot," said she to the big black-and-tan sheep-dog who lay asleep on the cabin floor, but he refused absolutely to enter into conversation; his manner showed decidedly that he did not wish to be disturbed, and, as his mistress would not desist, he got up sulkily, stretched himself half a dozen times, and slowly and heavily lurched out of the cabin, and up the companion, while a thump overhead a minute later told Mrs. Hepburn he preferred the cold and wet on deck to her society. The stillness seemed more remarkable now Cheviot had left her, and she had not noticed before how chilly the cabin had grown; had the steward been on board she would have had the stove relighted, but she did not care to disturb the sailors; she could settle to nothing; the letters were not to be thought of; she ransacked the bookshelves, but she seemed to have read every thing, and was not in the mood to re-read even Rider Haggard or Rhoda Broughton.

"Thank goodness," said she, "there goes four bells; there is no good sitting in this cold, gloomy cabin any longer. I shall be off to bed."

Her cabin was, indeed, a pretty nest for such a pretty bird; on its fluted hangings twined roses and forget-me-nots, while laughing cupids peeped from among the flowers; all was dainty and delicate, but somehow to-night it did not seem cheerful; the lamp was not burning so brightly as usual, and, once safe in her pretty berth, Madge could not see to read as she had intended.

She tries to sleep, but never felt more wide awake, and now six bells are struck, and she reflects with joy that in an hour at latest her husband will be back. All is wrapped in stillness. No sound falls on her ear but the "wash of the wave" on the yacht's side at her head, and the drip, drip of the rain on deck. But stay! that surely is a louder sound than the water that ripples so close to her. It is too muffled to be oars; all the same there is a distinct splash, and a sort of jar on the ship's side. Madge sits up to listen, and her sense of hearing seems to become preternaturally sharpened; she hears a footstep, soft as velvet, on the deck, right overhead. That is not the way Bertie would come on board, let alone the party who, headed by the captain, had gone ashore.

Now she hears more footsteps and then—oh! what is that going on? There comes a low, deep growl from Cheviot, a growl that ends in an odd kind of gurgle, and a noise of something heavy falling.

Light steps seem to cross the deck and come down the companion, and through the keyhole of her door shines the faintest glimmer of light; in one moment she is out of her berth and at her door—alas! it has got no key, and those in the yacht, whoever they are, have got her at their mercy.

For a few minutes the poor child feels utterly confused, and then all of a sudden her senses return to her; she rolls herself in a long, dark boat-cloak that is hanging on a hook, puts out her light, and cautiously—for her life depends on it—opens the door and looks out.

There is a little bit of passage between her and the main cabin, from which comes a dim light; a faint clash of metal can be heard, but neither voice nor sound.

The companion-ladder is between the two cabins and the passage is nearly pitch dark, while there is always the friendly shelter of one or two unused cabin doors.

Shall she wait in her cabin, perhaps to be caught like a rat in a trap; or shall she crawl along the passage, make a dash for the companion, and get on deck somehow to give the alarm to the sailors? She elects to attempt the latter.

Three steps and she is crouching at the foot of the stair, and can see into the saloon. On the floor, with his back to the door, one man kneels, and she sees him filling an empty bag with all the yacht's silver. The door of Bertie's dressing-room is open, and another beetle-browed and brawny Italian ruffian has his hands on a heap of sovereigns, the broken cash-box being on the floor at his feet. A third man is in the main cabin. He is standing beside an open drawer, his head partly turned away from the door, but Madge feels he is the greatest danger, and that at any moment he may look round.

As she stands there her eye falls on the strong key that is in the lock of the main cabin door. She can almost touch it. If she did but reach it could she lock them in before they could stop her? Above all, would the key turn? She knows nothing about its locking powers, and it might easily be rusty. But Madge Hepburn is no coward, and the fighting blood of a wild border strain runs hotly in her veins. As she made up her mind she acted.

Concealment was now of no use; she sprang at the door, and as she did so the third man turned and saw her. Two steps and he was across the room, but one second had sufficed for Madge. The door banged to; the key was stiff, indeed, but terror gave her fingers a strength she did not know they possessed, and before the burglar actually touched the door handle the bolt shot home. A volley of Italian oaths and a blow which all but knocked a panel out of the door followed, but Madge seemed as if she had wings to her feet. She flew on deck, and now? What is that which falls on her ears but the blessed sound of oars? But alas! What is that black form that at the same moment she sees stretched on the deck, and what is the dark stream that stains its surface? She does not know. Her eyes are dim; her senses fail her, and when Bertie Hepburn jumps on board the first thing he sees is his pretty Madge in a dead faint at his feet lying across the lifeless body of poor Cheviot.

The noise the three ruffians make in the cabin soon gives him the clew to what has happened, and before poor Madge has recovered her senses a free fight has taken place, and if the Italian gentlemen were a good deal knocked about by the English sailors, they deserved double as much as they got, and the Vice-Consul made it his business to see they got it in the long run.

In some mysterious manner these sea robbers had discovered that the owner and a good many of the crew of the Cormorant had gone ashore, and they thought they would have it all their own way on board. The last thing that they looked for was that a mere girl should "up and bar the door" in their faces.—The Queen.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—A Common Cause.—Briggs—"Wonder what possessed him to jump into the river?" Braggs—"There was a woman at the bottom of it, I believe."—Terre Haute Express.

—Western Visitor—"Just add some stewed tomaytoes to my order." Boston Waiter—"I suppose you mean tomaht-oes." Western Visitor—"Well, maybe I do, and while you are about it bring me some fried potaht-oes."—American.

—Little Brother—"Mr. Poseyboy, won't you go and stand before the window?" Poseyboy—"Certainly, my little man, but why?" Little Brother—"Oh, ma says she can see through you. I want to see if I can."—Burlington Free Press.

—Physician (to Mrs. Colonel Blood, of Kentucky)—"How did your husband pass the night, Mrs. Blood?" Mrs. Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." Physician (with a grave look)—"H'm—still flighty."—Boston Beacon.

—Mose—"Farewell, farewell. O faithless one; dis heart am yoah's no more!" Chloe—"Git out! git out! yo' silly chump; yo' see dat open door?" "I leab yo' now; wif darkened brow I seek der midnight's black expanse!" "Well, go; but watch da d's terrier—he might catch on yo pants!"—Texas Siftings.

—Young Husband (inspecting a pair of newly-mended stockings)—"Why, this darn—" Young Wife (interrupting)—"Oh, Charles! Please don't swear about it. Don't use such language. I did the best I knew. Oh, boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" Young Husband (comforting the distressed)—"Why, Myrtie love, what's the matter? I only started to say this darning was simply superb."—Drake's Magazine.

MY LOVE SEWED ON.

My love sewed on and she stitched my heart
Into each gleaming fold;
She sat where the sun shone on her hair,
Changing its brown to gold,
And still she sewed with sigh and smile,
Making her wedding dress the while.

My love sewed on and she stitched my heart
Into each tiny seam;
Red lips, white brow and happy eyes
Were veiled in the tender dream,
And still as she sewed she sang and smiled,
Making a robe for a little child.

My love sewed on, and her tears fell fast
On the gathers her needle pressed—
I lay near by in a cold, white sleep,
With my hands crossed on my breast—
How could my love with her head low bowed
Know that I knew she was making my shroud?
—Mary A. Denison, in America.

LEGENDS OF IOWA.

Origination and Character of Western Folk-Lore.

The "Lone Tree"—Opening of Rock to Conceal a Girl Pursued by Savages—Saved by a Thunder-Bolt—Suicide of Indian Lovers.

Legends will originate wherever men and women may happen to congregate. It is, however, somewhat startling to learn that legends exist in countless numbers among the people of the Western States. Portions of Illinois and Iowa, which fifty years ago were a wilderness or a prairie waste, to-day teem with romantic stories, and scores of objects with which are connected strange adventures or incidents are pointed out to the traveler who has the fortune of coming across one of those most indispensable members of Western society, an old settler.

It has been said that legends reflect the character of a people, and if such is the case, the early Western settlers must have been sturdy men who saw good in every thing, and opposed all strictly vulgar superstition; for the great majority of their legendary stories contain morals and poetic inspirations of the highest order. They are free from the dross of superstition found in the tales of England, Germany and France; they do not breathe the romantic but misleading spirit of occultness which pervades the fables of the Orient; nor do they in any way resemble the weird, uninspired sagas of the Norse peasantry.

The legends of the West are as sturdy, as independent and as forcible as the men who created them, and for this reason, if no other, deserve more than passing mention.

What could, for instance, be more poetic than the story of the "Lone Tree," which was related to the writer not long ago by one of the oldest settlers of Eastern Iowa? The tale—or, to speak more properly, the legend—is based on an oak tree, for many years the only one standing within a radius of eight or nine miles. How did the tree come there? That the unsophisticated pioneers could not explain, so they resorted to invention, and gave currency to a story which will live long after they have been forgotten. Early in the year 1840, so the report goes, soon after the so-called Blackhawk Purchase had been consummated, a young couple emigrated from New York State to the West. The man (Bill Brewster was his name) was open-hearted, hospitable and courageous, and his wife was a representative American woman of the middle class, industrious, kind and faithful. After their arrival in Iowa the two young people went out "prospecting" (looking for suitable land) every day, and finally reached a tract of fat prairie land which promised to yield rich crops. Here they decided to take up their abode, and the woman, relieved of all anxiety and worry, then and there gave birth to a son, and at the same moment—to commemorate the event—an oak sapling sprang up which was ever afterward called the "Lone Tree." The sapling, in course of time, became a stout oak tree, and stood for many years in its isolated position, a mystery to the uninitiated, an object of never-ceasing curiosity to the old settlers, and a monument of interest to the student of American life and manners, until a vandal cut it down, four or five years ago.

Scarcely less interesting is a bit of legendary talk current in the region of the Wyoming Hills (a chain of mound-like elevations located on the western shore of the Mississippi river, between the towns of Davenport and Muscatine, Ia.). These hills were once upon a time the meeting-place of thousands of Indians, and hundreds of their dead were buried in gigantic mounds constructed on the crests of the elevations. When the white settlers first appeared they received a cold welcome from the red men who wandered through the country which was once their own, but had been ceded to the United States Government by their chiefs. The savages carried vengeance in their hearts and murder in their eyes; and many a bold agriculturist, who had braved the hardships of pioneer life to acquire some land for his family, never returned from his cornfield, and the wailing and lamentations of widowed women and fatherless children were echoed from one farm to the other almost every week. One of these men went out one Sunday morning to collect his cattle. He ascended one of the sloping hills, not noticing the form of an Indian who was concealed among the tall weeds growing on the summit. The settler's foot never crossed the threshold of his home again. He was cruelly murdered by his hidden foe and his body thrown into the waters of the Mississippi. His wife, growing anxious about his welfare, at noon sent out her little daughter to hasten her father's return. The child, inured to danger, undertook the task, but had not proceeded far when she noticed a red man on the hill, and, turning around, one behind her. Escape seemed impossible; but just at that moment a crevice large enough to conceal her opened in the side of the hill. She sought the refuge thus providentially offered, and as soon as she concealed herself the opening closed, and to her startled sight was revealed a cavern of large dimensions, of which she was the only occupant. Not until the following evening did the crevice open again. The girl, almost famished by this time, crept out of her hiding-place, and, seeing that all danger was past, ran home, where she related her strange story to a number of neighbors who had met at the cabin to solve the mystery of her disappearance. Subsequent search failed to reveal a cavern anywhere near where the girl had been so miraculously saved, but it would, nevertheless, be a dangerous thing to doubt the veracity of this tale in the presence of the few survivors of those stirring times; and popular taste has applied to the hill, which will sooner or later be made famous by this story, the not very euphonic but very significant name of "Providence Hole." This pretty piece of fiction, the writer is constrained to add, has a prototype in a German story, but it is doubtful whether the people who repeated it on the banks of the Mississippi fifty years ago were aware of the existence of the Teutonic fable. It is safe to claim the story of Providence Hole as a purely Western production, which, when properly embellished, will be entitled to rank with the highest specimens of folk-lore.

Another and scarcely less interesting instance of providential interference with the affairs of men has many believers among the good folks inhabiting the bottom lands of the Cedar near its confluence with the Iowa river. In the early days of Iowa this part of the territory was inhabited by a wild, desperate class of people, who lived on what they could steal from more industrious neighbors. Horse stealing was the favorite pursuit of the male portion of this community, and many enterprising men saw the fruits of their toil destroyed for want of live-stock which disappeared at the most inopportune times. Horse thieves in those days expected no mercy when they had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the settlers; and when one bright June morning in the year 1840 nine of them were caught by a detachment of outraged farmers, they prepared themselves to meet death with bold faces. The gang was conducted to a huge oak tree on the banks of the Cedar river, whose nine branches invited the settlers to finish their work of vengeance. One man after the other was supplied with a hempen neck-tie, and arrangements were made to send them to kingdom come at the same instant. The signal was given. A fierce stroke of lightning and a deafening roar of thunder followed the command which was to end the earthly existence of nine human beings. Eight bodies dangled in the air. The ninth was lying on the ground, saved by the lightning which had ripped the branch on which he was hanging from the trunk of the tree. It was a miracle, for the man, after recovering from his stupor, proved his innocence to the satisfaction of the "vigilants." The eight thieves had met their fate, but Providence interfered in a way that could not be misunderstood to save the life of the guiltless. The tree made famous by this incident is still standing—at least it was two years ago—and the strange tale here related has become a treasured legend among the old settlers of the vicinity, which is no longer the hiding-place of desperadoes, but a veritable Eden inhabited by prosperous and intelligent farmers.

A fourth legend had its origin in the present city of Muscatine, known in the early days as Bloomington, Ia. This town is built on many hills which overlook the Mississippi river. In the days preceding the settlement of Iowa by whites, the vicinity of Muscatine is said to have been the favorite resort for Indian lovers, who passed many hours on the noble bluffs thinking of the maidens they adored. In most cases this harmless pastime had no serious results, but once upon a time an Indian warrior fell in love with the beautiful daughter of a mighty chief. His tender feelings were reciprocated by the copper-colored charmer, but her father would not listen to the pleadings of the obscure lover. There was no war at the time, and consequently the ambitious brave had no opportunity to distinguish himself, and win the apple of his eye by deeds of brav

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MAY 23, 1890.

Democratic State Convention.

The Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania will assemble at the Academy of Music in the city of Scranton at 10 o'clock A. M., on Wednesday, July 2, 1890, to nominate candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Secretary of Internal Affairs. The convention will consist of representative delegates chosen under the rules of the party from the several assembly districts, one for each 1,000 Democratic votes cast at the last preceeding gubernatorial election, or for a fraction of 1,000 such votes amounting to 500 or more in the respective representative districts, provided that each representative district shall have at least one delegate. ELLIOTT P. KISNER,
Chairman Democratic State Committee.
BENJAMIN M. NEAD, Secretary.

FOUR thousand three hundred and fifty dollars was the amount of the county order issued for building bridges on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1890, after the Auditors had closed their settlement.

SPEAKER REED has published a magazine article on "Reforms Needed in the House." A Democratic majority is the reform most needed in that branch of Congress, which the people intend to bring about at the next election.

A DES MOINES, Iowa, telegram says: "Original package" houses are already opened in the cities and towns of Iowa. The State authorities are afraid to meddle with the new industry. It will play a prominent part in the future politics of the State.

A LEAVENWORTH, Kansas, man proposes to wager any sum between $10,000 and $50,000 that within thirty days he can walk from Leavenworth to Junction City, and never take his feet off mortgaged ground except when crossing a public road or railway.

AN exchange says: It may be remarked casually that the eight hour heaven that is about to open to a portion of the world's toilers will not include farmers or the women who do their own housework. These two classes will work 19 hours a day.

THE way the Republican party frames a tariff bill is to call the beneficiaries together, inform them how much fat will be required to be "fried" out of them for 1892, and then ask them how much tariff they want to meet the contribution. It is the simplest thing in the world and no wonder they want to pass the McKinley bill without debate.

WHEN we strip the McKinley bill of its verbiage, and express its purpose in plain English, says the Atlanta *Constitution*, it will be found that its object is to make 65,000,000 people contribute a large share of their hard earnings to a few hundred capitalists who want the earth, and have contracted with the Republican party for it. Now, from an enlightened point of view, this is a sort of civilized slavery.

MCKINLEY and his associate attorneys for the plaintiffs in the cause of the Trusts against the people, says the Kansas City *Times*, are the only organized body of Americans who have ever refused to admit the superior intelligence, industry and resources of the American nation. They alone give no credit to free institutions in stimulating activity. They put every improvement since 1861 to the credit of the tariff.

AT the special election held in the Third Philadelphia congressional district on Tuesday, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Samuel J. Randall, Richard Vaux, Democrat, was elected practically without opposition, the only other candidate being Hiram Dewalt, who was put in nomination by the Prohibitionists. The total vote was: Vaux, 8,601; scattering, 543, of which Dewalt, Prohibitionist, received 47 votes.

A VERY sensible letter indeed is that which ex-President Cleveland wrote to a member of the farmers' alliance of Stubenville, Ohio. Struggle as they may, he says, our farmers must continue to be purchasers and consumers of numberless things enhanced in cost by tariff regulations. Surely they have the right to insist that this cost shall not be increased for the purpose of collecting unnecessary revenue or to give undue advantage to domestic manufacturers.

MR. HARRISON, says the *N. Y. World*, is not a just man. He snubbed Dudley but receives Quay at the White House. Yet Dudley was only accused of trying to buy "floaters" for Harrison's benefit, while Quay looted a State Treasury for his own enrichment, and Dudley made at least a show of self-respect by pretending to seek vindication in the courts, while Quay has not even asserted his innocence nor so much as called the grievous accusations against him exaggerations.

THE President sent to the Senate on Monday a letter of the Secretary of State, submitting the plan for a preliminary survey for a railway line to connect the principal cities of the American Hemisphere, in accordance with the recommendations of the Pan-American conference. The President recommends prompt action by Congress to enable this Government to participate in the promotion of the enterprise. The share of the United States in the cost of the survey will be $85,000.

IN view of the FREEMAN'S exposures of their methods in bridge building contracts, the County Commissioners were afraid to face the people at the time of the Auditors' settlement with a true statement of the cost of the county bridges. They withheld from the Auditors the amount of the county's indebtedness for building bridges and tried to palm off on the people that $11,264 10 was all that the bridges cost. When officials are reduced to straits of this kind they may be successful for a time, but they are "monkeying with a buzz saw."

THE interest in the debate on the McKinley tariff bill, says the *Chicago Herald*, is considerably less than it would have been, owing to the general understanding that it is not to pass the Senate, but that the Senate bill is to be substituted for it. To attack it, therefore, in detail would be like fighting a man of straw.

It may be said of this bill, however, without treating it too seriously, that it is a very transparent attempt to bamboozle the impoverished and now rampant farmer. After having contended for twenty years that the farmer was prosperous, and that he owed his prosperity to the high tariff tax on the necessaries of life, the Republican party has been compelled to change front on this subject. It now admits that the farmer is in deep distress, and that what he needs is less protection for some things and more for farm products. Accordingly the McKinley bill offers him free whisky and practically free sugar, both of which are manufactured from farm products, and increases the tariff on wool, dress goods, silk, tin-plate and almost every other necessary of life. But the unkindest cut of all is in offering the farmer a heavy tariff protection on his wheat, oats, rye, cabbage, and eggs, which are never imported, but always exported. Could satire and contempt go any farther?

Whether the farmer will be deceived by such a pretense is now the question, and the indications are that he will not be. He knows very well that a tariff on farm products is a mockery, and that the only hope he has is a lower tariff on the necessaries of life. His Republican masters having now admitted that what agriculture needs is tariff reform, the farmer will probably see to it that the reform is a real reform, and not a snide affair binding on him heavier burdens than he ever carried before.

IN answer to the letter of the Farmers' Alliance of Milan county, Tex., asking him to favor the establishment of Government warehouses for the storage of agricultural products, and the issue upon them of treasury notes to the extent of 80 per cent. of the value of the products, Congressman Mills says: "When the Government begins to take charge of the cotton, wheat, corn, oats and tobacco it will go on, and in time bacon, pork, beef, butter, cheese, lard, hay and all other farm products will demand of the Government to take their surplus and advance them 80 per cent. on it. And in periods of manufacturing and mining depression iron, steel, woolen and cotton goods will demand to be deposited and taken care of, and money loaned to their owners, and so will coal and ores and lumber. If the policy is adopted it must apply to all, and the power of those interested in these products will compel the Government to extend its paternal care to them."

He adds that the only way in which the farmer can be helped is by the success of the Tariff Reform for which Cleveland fought and fell. Regretfully he declines to support the Alliance proposition. In closing he says: "I am too old to change the convictions of a lifetime. I am a Democrat because I believe the great sum of woes which humanity suffers comes from a disregard of Democratic principles. I can afford to retire to private life, but I cannot afford to share the guilt of participating in an act that will bring distress and suffering to millions of my fellow-citizens."

THE figure of Justice that adorns the dome of the Court House has thrown her scales away. It is not exactly known when the blindfolded goddess gave up her weighing apparatus but the people in that part of the town believe it was about the 3d of February last. The supposition is that the goddess, after vainly striving to balance the accounts of the county as laid before the Auditors by the Commissioners, gave up in despair. Being blindfolded, she did not see the bill for $4,350 00 that was laid aside to come in next year, after the Commissioners are re-elected. As the Commissioners and Auditors had balanced the accounts to a nicety, the poor goddess concluded that her scales were wrong and threw them away. Justice blindfolded, without her scales, is a fitting emblem over the Commissioners office in this county.

IN the suit of the church of "Latter Days Saints" against the United States which came to the United States Supreme Court on appeal from decision of the Supreme Court of Utah in favor of the United States, the court affirmed that judgment. The case grows out of the passage of the Edmunds anti-polygamy law. When the United States under the terms of this act began proceedings to confiscate about $750,000 worth of property belonging to the church the Mormons immediately entered suit to have the Edmunds law declared unconstitutional.

SENATOR CARLISLE will not speak in the House on the tariff. He will save his efforts until the bill reaches the Senate, when he can avail himself of an opportunity rarely given a new Senator—the opportunity to talk on a big subject at great length. Senatorial custom prevents a member of the body expressing any lengthy opinions, but the rule will be broken in Mr. Carlisle's case. No one in the Senate knows more about the tariff subject than he does, and he is sure to be listened to with great attention.

AT the Democratic caucus, held at Frankford, Kentucky, for the purpose of nominating a successor to Senator Beck, John G. Carlisle was nominated on Thursday of last week, and on Friday was elected. Mr. Carlisle will not present his credentials in the Senate until after the vote on the tariff bill in the House.

A MAN'S good character is of some account. The Supreme Court has ordered a new trial in the case of Charles Cleary, of Clinton county, convicted of murder in the first degree, because the Lower Court did not take good character into consideration.

Candidate Delamater and His Prophet.

Senator Quay's declaration that State Senator Delamater is the candidate for Governor whom he expects the Republican State Convention to nominate, is a late acknowledgement of what every intelligent observer of State politics has known for months, but which Senator Quay has heretofore and frequently denied. Every Federal officer appointed by him, and the entire machinery of the State Committee controlled by him have been organized into a mere agency for the election of Delamater delegates.

The casting aside of a disguise which fooled nobody is a trival matter. In connection with announcing his candidate, Senator Quay takes occasion to predict that he will be elected by the largest majority ever given to a Republican candidate for Governor in Pennsylvania. This in full view of the fact that there is no other candidate those election is questioned, whose campaign would be defensive, or whose deserving at the hands of the party is not at least as great as that of Senator Delamater.

The signs of a storm to follow the nomination of any candidate by the methods and influences which constitute the visible strength of Delamater's candidacy seem to many Republicans so much plainer than they were before 1882, that thousands of them consider his possible nomination an unnecessary and unjustifiable risk for the party. They see the signs of Republican revolt many times stronger than then; Pattison is stronger now than he was then, by the prestige of success and the record of an administration which notably enjoyed the approval of the people. General Beaver was the unquestioned choice of the convention, and had a brilliant record as a soldier, which Senator Delamater has not. Yet Beaver was beaten.

The Republican majority in Pennsylvania is magnificent in its proportions, when the party conscience is satisfied and the party enthusiasm aroused, but it cannot be traded with as private property, nor negotiated to cancel personal debts.

Alongside of the cheerful, or reckless, prediction of Senator Quay we place that of thousands of earnest and anxious Republicans, that if Senator Delamater is nominated his majority, if he has a majority at all, will be the smallest given to a Republican candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania in recent years.

Charles J. Folger, whose private character and public conduct were unstained and unchallenged, was nominated for Governor of New York by the Federal office-holders and the machine, and he was beaten 200,000 by a man who did not have the strength that Pattison has in Pennsylvania.—*Pittsburg Times.* (*Rep.*)

Proposed National University.

Republican Congressmen are carried away with a rage for spending money. The trend of all the legislation that they attempt at the present time is in the direction of extravagance in the use of public funds. It would seem as though they must lie awake nights devising new schemes for depleting the Government Treasury.

Senator Edmunds now joins the ranks of the spendthrifts with his scheme for establishing the University of the United States in the city of Washington. The bill provides that the University shall be governed by a Board of Regents composed of the President, members of the Cabinet, the Chief Justice of the United States and twelve citizens from twelve different States. Half a million dollars is wanted to start the institution, and five millions more as a permanent fund to carry it on.

This scheme is on a par with Senator Blair's wildcat Educational bill, and is equally indefensible. The country does not need more institutions for higher learning. Those that now exist are ample in number, and they are capable of indefinite expansion according as the demands for education increase. Better education, rather than more of it; better schools, colleges and universities, rather than an increased number; those are what are needed, if anything.

But were it otherwise, there would be no call for a National University such as is proposed by Senator Edmunds. The scheme is simply another step in the march of centralization, to which the Republican party is committed. It is not for the United States Government to go into the business of education. The people throughout the country are ready and able to meet all such necessary requirements in their several localities.

There is less education than politics in the Vermont Senator's bill. Under the name of University he would set up a big political machine. The regents, the professors and the students would be dominated by the political influences of Washington. The political atmosphere of the Capitol is not best calculated to encourage pure scholastic fervor, especially under the present Republican domination.

There is far-reaching evil in the plan of Senator Edmunds. It will pay to keep a sharp watch upon the bill.—*N. Y. Star.*

A Demoralized House.

Congress has been in session five months and a half, and the most violent and even revolutionary rules were adopted to enable the majority to facilitate legislation.

What has been done? Not a single measure of public moment has yet been enacted, and it is now possible to pass any important measure only by caucus orders and the suppression of debate.

What a mockery of statesmanship; what a burlesque of legislation. The most vital questions can't be discussed in the House either for want of time or inability of the majority to defend its measures, and confusion, violence and inaction are the logical results.

Under the despotic rule of Speaker Reed the House has logically lost all sense of dignity and self-respect. Party unity is more severely strained every day, and now only by worse than Russian despotism can any measure be passed. How long will this despotic power last?

There has been no such demoralization of the House since the revolutionary Lecompton methods convulsed the country by the dying throes of Bourbon Democracy, and history is likely to repeat itself in the overthrow of the revolutionary party now as it repeated itself in 1858-60.—*Phila. Times.*

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbor talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King'sNew Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, color any Throat, Lung or Chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time, or money refunded. Trial Bottles Free at E. James', Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer's, Loretto.

Arguments in Behalf of Kemmler.

WASHINGTON, May 20.—The Supreme Court to-day heard arguments upon the application for a writ of error in the case of Kemmler, the New York murderer,, who is under sentence of death by electricity. At the close of the argument the court adjourned until Friday, when its decision will probably be handed down.

A Mine Disaster.

On Friday last a cave-in occurred near Ashley, in Luzerne county in No. 8 mine operated by the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal company, by which twenty-five men were entombed in the mine. The scene of the disaster was one of intense excitement, not only relative to the twenty-five imprisoned miners and laborers, but thousands of others were gathered upon the spot discussing the best methods of effecting their rescue. The present cave extends over a half-mile square and includes a portion of the thickly-settled village called Mafetts Patch. A large number of houses have gone down with the surface, but only a few of them have been badly damaged.

Exploring parties worked hard all Friday night at the ill fated mine and at 7 o'clock on Saturday morning discovered the body of George Russ. He was sitting up in one of the gang-ways and was able to talk. He said he traveled away from the other men immediately after the cave in yesterday, and made for the abandoned works. He thought the men must all be safe in one of the breasts.

This news caused great rejoicing among the rescuers, as they thought the whole party must be safe. The news was sent to the people on the outside and there was great cheering, but this joy of the multitude was short-lived. Russ died as soon as he was brought into the open air. He had inhaled the fatal gas. But the worst was to come, and the full extent of the disaster was soon learned. The rescuing party, who had pushed their way further into the mine, came across ten dead bodies in the third lift of the Baltimore vein. The men were clasped into each other's arms. They were brought to the surface as soon as possible.

The ghastly appearance of the bodies added to the horror, and the lamentations of the people were pitable to behold. The relatives of the entombed men then began to fear the worst. The conclusion was almost positive that all the men must be dead, and such proved to be the case.

At 10:15 o'clock Foreman Reese, of the rescuing gang, reached the chamber where the men took refuge. Eight bodies were found huddled together. The sight was sickening. Some of the bodies had no heads and others were minus hands and feet. As rapidly as possible the bodies were brought to the surface.

Superintendent Phillips says the men were killed by an explosion of gas. When the cave in occurred all the lights were blown out. It was then dangerous to relight the lamps, but one of the miners, named Allen, insisted on lighting his and said: "I am going to have light to get out of here." As soon as he lit his lamp the gas exploded. Out of the 27 men in the mine 25 are dead.

Limit of Protection Legislation.

The extreme line of tariff legislation must be drawn somewhere. Where shall it be? There must be some limit beyond which those who look to special aid from the Government to make their business profitable shall not pass. Where shall that limit be placed?

The inquiry is important now, especially to the Democracy as the opposition party in Congress. Deprived of the opportunity and responsibility of the initiative, it is of moment to the Democrats that they should be able to say to the responsible majority: "Thus far and no farther," with certainty that the country will hear and approve the demand.

That no duty shall be increased is the declaration on which all Democrats can agree, with reliance on the indorsment of fair and patriotic men. There must be no toleration for the pretense of "equalizing" tariff duties by leveling up. Many port taxes are too high or superfluous. As to what ones are such conservative citizens may differ. But to try to raise any importation charge is a reactionary outrage to be resisted to the end.

Bad as is the present tariff, the country has perforce grown accustomed to it. There is no industry worth regarding that needs further relief or can ask for it, except in utter disdain of the rights and wants of the people. No tax can be raised without doing hurt to the many that would vastly outweigh the help it might give to a few. The least that the ultra Protectionists could be expected to concede to the people of a land long at peace would be that no war-time burden should be made heavier.

The Republican rulers who have put their party in pawn to the Floater Fund contributors have not been content to let well enough alone, even according to their own notions of what well enough may mean. To pay the Quay campaign debts of '88 and raise more corruption funds for '90 and '92 is not a purpose to promote which the country will tolerate increased taxation.—*N. Y. Star.*

A GIGANTIC land-grabbing job vainly attempts to hide its awkward form behind the Senate bill to irrigate the desert lands of the interior of the continent. this scheme of irrigation would cost the Treasury from first to last not less than $10 an acre to make the lands fit for cultivation. When irrigated, the lands would fall prey to the great cattle companies that are waiting to grab them. If thrown open to settlement, on the other hand, the irrigated lands would only give an unhealthy stimulus to competition in agricultural products. The farmers of the country are asked to pay enormous sums into the Treasury to enable the Government to create competition against themselves. So soon as these bad lands should have been irrigated at public expense the grabbers and the railroad companies would send agents to Scandinavia, Germany, Poland and Italy to allure the peasants with dazzling prospectuses of future wealth and prosperity, and thus to intensify agricultural competition. There are in this country enough cheap and fertile lands still uncultivated, without wasting millions of public money in irrigating the desert.—*Phila. Record.*

A Big Hailstone Fall.

CLEVELAND, May 19.—A severe hail, wind and rain storm passed over Chippewa township, this county, Sunday afternoon, doing a tremendous amount of damage. The storm swept a section 3 miles in width and 18 in length. The most serious damage was done in and near the villages of Congress and Rowsburg. In Congress every pane of glass facing north and west, unprotected by blinds, was broken by the hailstones, which ranged in size from a pea to a hen's egg, and fell to the depth of eight inches on the level. Entire orchards and strips of oak timber were blown down or twisted to the ground. Many houses, barns and outbuildings were unroofed or blown down. The hailstones were so large and fell with such force as to be driven through roofs covered with oak shingles.

At Rowsburg hail fell to the depth of 8 to 12 inches on the level and drifted to the depth of 32 inches. Hundreds of sheep were killed by the hail.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous Prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at E. James', Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer's Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Blackleg has appeared among cattle in sections of Schoharie county, N. Y. One farmer at Sharon Hill, Jacob L. Kitts, lost seven cows last week. The rapid spread of the disease causes great alarm.

—The Schuylkill County Grand Jury finds Directors Gorman and Leininger, of the Poor Board, guilty of malfeasance in office, alleging they have accepted bribes, sold appointments and wasted the public funds.

—The net profits of the Louisiana lottery have been about $5,000,000 per year. And yet men supposed to be endowed with common sense send money to the gigantic swindle monthly, with the expectation of capturing a fortune!

—A cyclone passed over Charleston, W. Va., Sunday night. A Mr. Gardner was picked up by the wind and carried fully a hundred yards. A man, horse, and buggy were blown over an embankment, trees were uprooted, and fences blown down. No serious damage is reported.

—A Californian who has been twice divorced from his wife has again remarried her. There's where the beauty and adaptability of our divorce laws come in. They allow a couple whose association becomes wearisome, but who, after all, really love each other, to take an occasional vacation.

—Wm. Daily, in the employ of the city of Wilkesbarre, was killed in a remarkable way on Wednesday. While unloading stone at a new bridge the wire rope guy of a pole derrick, which was some distance away broke, and like an iron lash of an immense whip, coiled about his neck, and as the pole fell completely decapitated him.

—A consignment of 100 Shetland ponies arrived at New York the other day on the steamer Hindoo, from Scotland. This makes the fiftieth consignment imported by the same person. In this last lot there is a pony five years old, thirty-one inches high, and weighing 120 pounds. The owner says that it is the smallest grown Shetland pony in the world.

—During the performance of Lee's circus at Kingston, N. Y., on Saturday night a section of the reserved seat gallery fell, carrying down several hundred persons and causing great excitement. Many persons were cut and bruised, but the only severe injury was to a man whose leg was broken. The proprietor settled damages with the injured persons on the spot.

—Joseph Butcher and Frank Perkins, brothers-in-law, quarreled over a mortgage on some property near Mt. Vernon, O., Saturday night. Perkins struck Butcher with a club, crushing his skull and causing his death. Perkins claims that the killing was done in self-defense. The body was left by the roadside, where it was found yesterday morning. Perkins is under arrest.

—An old Belfast sea captain is credited with devising a unique barometer. It consists of thin strips of white pine with a number of cross pieces upon it. This is hung upon the sides of the building, and when wet weather is approaching the barometer bulges out in the center, while in dry weather the center sinks in and the ends push out. It is said to be an improvement on rheumatism or corns.

—Madame Dies De Bar, the notorious spiritualistic swindler, is in jail at Rome. The "affinity" whom she has duped this time is a hotel-keeper whose cupboard and wine cellar paid tribute to her genius. Under all climes she is the same Diss De Bar; and though she changes her name and place of operation frequently, interested observers will remark the fact that she is true to her ideal of living without work.

—Besides the rabbit pest, New South Wales is troubled by another called the "flying fox pest." This creature is a species of bat, the largest of the bat tribe, sometimes measuring nearly five feet in expanse of wings, and is popularly termed the flying fox on account of the red, fox-like color of the fur, and "the very vulpine aspect of the head." The attacks of these destructive animals are mainly aimed against fruits and other vegetable substances.

—On Saturday night in Havana, Cuba, a fire broke out in Ysasi's hardware store, and in a short time the flames reached a barrel of powder in the building and a terrific explosion followed. The whole structure was blown to pieces and twenty-two persons were killed. In addition to the killed over 100 persons were injured. The explosion caused the wildest excitement throughout the city, and thousands flocked to the scene of the disaster. Several houses adjacent to the wrecked building were damaged by the explosion.

—The Osborne House, a large hotel in Atlantic City, took fire at an early hour on Sunday morning. All the guests got out safely with the exception of Miriam, the thirteen-year-old daughter of J. H. Hopper, of No. 913 Arch street, Philadelphia, who was overcome by smoke and fell to the floor. Her father tried to reach her, but could not. She was fortunately discovered by a fireman, who heard her groans, and rescued her at the peril of his life. George Coates, Jr., who registered as from Johnstown, was one of the guests.

—Thomas Moore, aged 8, died at the home of the parents, 4153 Lancaster avenue, Philadelphia, on Saturday, it is alleged from the effects of a beating received in January last from an enraged confectioner named James Warhust, who lived next door. Warhust had been a ngered by the boys opening his doors, and, it is alleged, caught and severely beat young Moore, whose injuries were such that he has been confined to bed ever since. Warhust, who was arrested at the time, was re-arrested last night and held to await the coroner's investigation.

—Ludie Danielson, aged 12, and Alexander Anderson, aged 17, were arrested at Manchester, N. H., on Sunday, on complaint of the mother of Charles B. Howe, a delicate 10-year-old lad, charging them with acts rivaling those perpetrated by Jesse Pomeroy. It is alleged that the boys took Howe into an outhouse, stuck pins into nearly every part of his anatomy, poured boiling water upon him, burned his face with powder, and, after vainly endeavoring to push him into the vault, left him insensible, and he was after ward found unconscious.

—Major Ogden died at Fort Riley, Kas., in 1853. The remains were removed to Fort Leavenworth and buried in the National cemetery there, but his monument, still stands upon a little knoll to the northeast of the fort, and it lifts its head towards the clouds in the exact geographical center of the United States. Of the thousands of men who have been located at Fort Riley during the past 40 years, perhaps not one in a hundred knew or cared anything about the oddity of his situation. The post is a few miles east of Junction City, Kas., and was formerly one of the most important in the United States.

—Millview, Fla., nine miles from Pensacola, has a genuine weather prophet who takes no back seat for Hicks or Wiggins. He is a negro boy seven years old, and has eyes as red as a beet. His name is Alf. Nicholson. The washwomen for miles around come to consult the little fellow as to the best days for starching clothes. Logmen swear by his rain predictions, and farmers never think of planting without first paying the petite prophet a visit. It is said that for the past 12 months not a single one of his predictions have failed to come true, some of them having been made as far as four months ahead.

FOSTER & QUINN,

SUCCESSORS TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

NO. 315 MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PENN.

Call attention to their large and varied assortment of Dress Goods, comprising black and colored a full line of black Cashmeres, Henriettas, Melrose, Drass d' Alma, Armmes and Nuns' Va colored Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Broad Cloths, Albatross, etc. Wash Dress Goods styles. Dress Buttons and Trimmings to match Dress Goods, Table Linen, Napkins, Towels Toweling, Ladies', Misses' and Children's Underwear and Hosiery, Corsets in 25 different Misses' Corsets and Waists, Kid Gloves and Silk Mitts, Table Covers and Lambrequins, Ha Lace Flouncing, etc., etc.

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CARL RIVINIUS,

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WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

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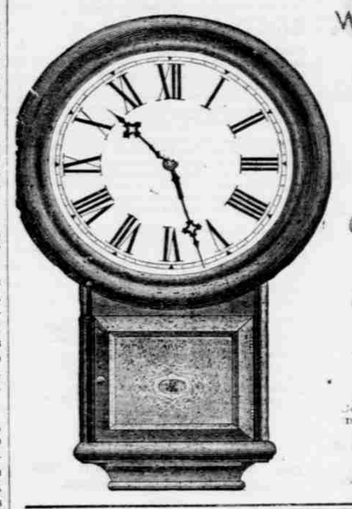

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Silverware, Musical Instruments

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Celebrated Rockford WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches.

In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KIND of JEWELRY always on hand.

My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED

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Having just returned from the Eastern cities with a full, complete assortment of merchandise, consisting of Dry Goods, Notions, a large stock of Clothing, Overcoats and Gents' Furnishing Goods for Men, Boys and Children, a fine line of Ladies' and Children's Coats and Wraps, including a line of Plush goods, and Boots and Shoes, we claim to lead. Then we have Hardware, Queensware, Glassware, Oilcloth, Robes and Horse Blankets not to be excelled anywhere. We are prepared to meet the public wants at the very lowest prices. We will not be undersold and always guarantee satisfaction. Soliciting your patronage and thanking you for past favors we are Respectfully Yours,

ECKENRODE & HOPPEL,

CARROLLTOWN, PA.

"A Word to the Wise."

The word we would utter to the wise concerning Clothing, is "Quality." On Quality hinges Cheapness, for a thing is not cheap unless it is good. Therefore remember when in need of Clothing, Man or Boy, that with us a low price never means a poor quality.

A. C. YATES & CO.

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PARRY MFG. CO.,

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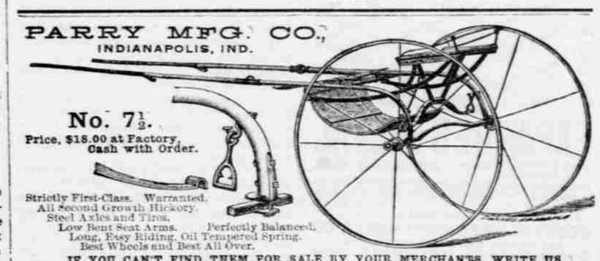

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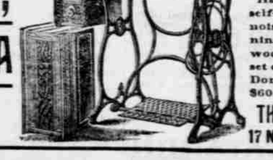
Price, $18.00 at Factory, Cash with Order.

Strictly First-Class. Warranted. All Second Growth Hickory. Steel Axles and Tires. Low Bent Seat Arms. Perfectly Balanced. Long, Easy Riding, Oil Tempered Spring. Best Wheels and Best All Over.

IF YOU CAN'T FIND THEM FOR SALE BY YOUR MERCHANTS, WRITE US.

ONLY $20

HIGH ARM, PHILAD'A SINGER.



WARRANTED 5 YEARS.

15 DAYS TRIAL.

Has Self-setting Needle, self-threading shuttle, is noiseless and light-running, has the handsomest wood-work, and finest set of extra attachments. Don't pay agents $55 or $60; send for circular.

THE C. A. WOOD CO.

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Mild Climate, Summer Breeze, pure Air, Ancient Ruins, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 4 DAYS St. Louis to the City of Mexico via

IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only one change via Laredo, Eagle Pass or El Paso. Winter Tourist Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Principal Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

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DIRT BREEDS VERMIN

Of a good house-wife; who uses SAPOLIO. it is well said, "The mouse is muzzled in her house." Try it and keep your house clean. All grocers keep it.

Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happiness? Try SAPOLIO and you will be surprised at your success.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

GENUINE BARGA

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Dress Goods

of which we wish to send reader Samples. Write to and tell us your needs.

Fifty styles nearly all-fancy stripe suitings, 36 wide, at 25c. a yard.

A lot of double-width mere, new colorings, made ially for us, only 25c. a yd.

All-wool fancy stripes, choice new spring shades inches wide, regular 50c. at only 38c. a yard.

40 pieces all-wool suitings, 50 in. wide, 36c.

A lot of all-wool stripe cots, choice colorings, 36 wide, 44c a yard.

One hundred pieces, ever different in colorings or desi plaids, stripes, checks and bars; cashmere weight 50c. a yard.

A lot of all-wool 50 in. band suitings, 75c. quality 50c a yard.

Another, 50 inch, all-spring weight stripe 75c. a yard.

In finer goods up to the cloths, made in foreign co expressly for us, our st complete.

Summer silks of every scription in very large va

Write to our Mail Orde partment.

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Received payable on demand, and interest ing certificates issued to time depositors.

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Made in the locality and upon all the towns in the United States. Charges mo

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Of merchants, farmers and others will whom reasonable accomodation will be gi Patrons are assured that all business be held as strictly private and confidential that they will be treated as liberally banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,

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ONE POUND PEOPLES AND HORSE POWDERS TRADE MARK CONTAINS NO POISON

—FOR—

Horses, Cattle, Sheep & Hog

Excels any remedy for the rapid cure of Colds, Coughs, Hide Bound, Yellow Water, Distemper, Sore and Weak Eyes, Lung Fe Costiveness, Blotches, and all diseases ing from impurities of the Blood. Will Heaves at once. Manufactured by the JOPPA MANUFACTURING CO., LYONS, FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

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DAILY MEAT MARK

Centre Street, Ebensburg, P

The Best Western Cattle B ered every day. Also Lamb, Veal, Mutton, La Etc., always on hand.

Market open at all hours a tentive and obliging sales attend to the wants of cust

EVERYBODY in Cambria county reads the FREEMAN. Only $1.50 per year.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MAY 23, 1890.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The streets should be cleared of all rubbish before Memorial Day.

—Will Ebensburg have a Fourth of July celebration this year? We doubt it.

—Allen's Great Eastern Shows at Ebensburg on Saturday. Admission, 25 cents.

—When in need of job printing give the FREEMAN office a trial. Prices reasonable.

—Mr. John J. Troxell, of Gallitzin, paid the FREEMAN office a welcome visit on Monday.

—Pennsylvania now has nearly one thousand more post offices than any other State in the Union.

—Col. John S. Miller, preprietor of the Blair House, went to Huntingdon on Tuesday for a short visit.

—Steady employment, on salary, is offered in another column, by E. C. Pierson & Co., Waterloo, N. Y.

—About twenty-five Ebensburgers visited Altoona on Saturday last for the purpose of seeing the Forepaugh show.

—The G. A. R. Post at Ashville will meet at Chest Springs on Memorial Day and decorate the graves fo fallen heroes buried there.

—Mrs. Walters, wife of Mr. Henry Walters, of Cambria township, is lying dangerously ill with pneumonia with but little hopes of recovery.

—Fred Maher, of Erie county, who escaped from the Huntingdon Reformatory on April 3d, was retaken at Ashtabula, O., on Friday and returned to the reformatory.

—Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail.

—Farabaugh's photograph gallery, Carrolltown, will be open every day until June 23d, with the exception of Thursday and Friday of each week. After that date will be closed indefinitely. ma23.3t

—The Sons of Veterans, of this place, have decided to hold a picnic on the 4th of July, and arrangements are already being made to make it a grand success. It will probably be well patronized.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in SFlon's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath.

—Mrs. William Litzinger, of Loretto aged 73 years, was among the many friends in attendance at the funeral of Mrs. Magehan in this place on Monday. Mrs. L. carries her years well and bids fair to see a number more.

—Dances were held in the Opera House on Monday and Tuesday evenings, the one on Monday evening being a select dance while the other was an ordinary "hop." The music on both occasions was furnished by two Italian musicians.

—At the meeting of the Democratic candidates on Monday last the candidates were assessed as follows: Assembly, $25; Treasurer, $70; Commissioner, $12; Poor Director, $5; Auditor, $5. Those who were not in attendance were given until Thursday to "ante up."

—Hon. Edward Scull, present incumbent, and D. J. Horner, Esq., present prothonotary of Somerset county, have announced themselves as candidates for the Republican nomination for Congress, subject to the decision of the primaries and of the District conference.

—A badly constructed road and a cheap watch are very much alike. It will cost more to keep either in repair than a well-made road or a good time piece would cost, and even after the making neither is good for anything. Economy consists in doing any work properly at first.

—Mr. Will J. Ward, of this place, who has been ill for some time past, went to Pittsburg on Saturday, where he will undergo a course of treatment in Mercy Hospital. His many friends hope that the change will be beneficial and that he may be be speedily restored to health.

—John Pringle, aged 75 years, died at his home in Tennessee on Friday last. Mr. Pringle was born in Summerhill township, this county, and for a number of years was a resident of Johnstown, when city he left in 1853. He was a brother of William Pringle, of Summerhill township.

—A foot race between Dr. J. B. Noonan, of Chest Springs, and Mr. Henry Sprout, of Clearfield township, 200 yards distance, took place on Thursday of last week which was closely contested, but in which the former came out victorious and now wears the champion belt for that section of the county.

—A match game of base ball will be played at Loretto, to-day (Thursday) on the College grounds, between the College club and a club from Gallitzin. We failed to learn the name of the visiting club but, we know that "Jim" Smith, of Gallitzin, is one of the nine, and the rest must be hustlers.

—The Hart libel suit, which grew out of an article that appeared in the Pittsburg *Times* last fall came to a sudden termination in court at Greensburg on Friday afternoon for want of the necessary proof to convict the defendant. The jury rendered a verdict of not guilty and the prosecution will pay the costs.

—Hugh McNeil, a former resident of Hollidaysburg, at various times operator of Bloomfield, Sarah and Frankstown Furnaces, Maria forges, and Portage iron work, and prothonotary of Blair county nearly forty years ago, died at his late home in Chattanooga, Tennessee, on the 14th, inst., at the advanced age of seventy-six years.

—Thomas Kingston, of the Ninth ward, was taken to Ebensburg yesterday, (Wednesday), where he will be held to appear at the June term of Court to answer to the charge of arson, preferred by John Fogel, in whose house Kingston attempted, it is alleged, to kindle a fire. He was out on bail on a surety of the peace case on complaint of Lucy Kough, when arrested on the charge of arson.—*Johnstown Democrat.*

—At a meeting of the Juniata Valley Editorial Association at Altoona on Thursday of last week, Winchester, Virginia, was selected as the objective point for the next annual excursion and the last week in August as the time. The officers of the association were re-elected for the ensuing year, as follows: President, H. C. Dern; Vice President, Dr. B. H. Brumbaugh; Secretary, E. Conrad. The excursion will last three days, beginning on the 23d of August.

—Charles Freeman, who is supposed to belong to Pittsburg, was discovered in an outhouse in Altoona, on Friday of last week, with his throat cut and bleeding terribly. He had attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a pair of scissors. He was taken to the hospital for treatment, and it is thought that he will recover. He refused to give any account of himself or any reason for his trying to end his earthly career. He is thought to have been mentally unbalanced when he committed the rash act.

—Mr. Joseph Danny, of Altoona, is visiting his brother Mr. J. B. Danny, of the Central Hotel.

—Dr. Griffith and wife returded home on Saturday, after spending a pleasant winter near Ocala, Florida.

—A. T. Pindle, Esq., who was absent for several weeks on a visit to his home in Maryland, returned on Friday.

—G. W. Hood, Esq., of Indiana, Supervisor of the Census for this district, will start out his force of 230 enumerators on the 2d of June.

—William Richardson, Jr., of Conemaugh, an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad, was in town to-day (Thursday) on a visit to his parents.

—J. A. Berkey, Esq., of Somerset, has been here for several days gathering information from the Court House records for the Census Bureau.

—Henry Barnes, of Philipsburg, was thrown from a wagon on Friday evening last and was injured to such an extent that he died on Tuesday.

—Mr. H. A. McPike, senior editor of the Altoona *Times* and former proprietor of the FREEMAN, was here on Saturday last in attendance at the funeral of his brother-in-law, Alphonsus Ward.

—Mrs. Block, mother of Rev. Father Dominic, of St. Vincent's Monastery, Westmoreland county, was attacked by heart disease while walking to St. Vincent's on Wednesday, and died instantly.

—The Grand Army Post and the Camp of Sons of Veterans, of Ebensburg, will attend services at the Catholic church, this place, on next Sunday morning when Rev. Father Smith will deliver an appropriate sermon.

—On Wednesday the Altoona Daily *Times* entered upon its 7th volume. The *Times* is prospering as it deserves, and we hope each succeeding year will find its subscription list enlarged by patrons who will vie with each other in keeping their paper paid for in advance.

—William Boyd, an engineer on the Pennsylvania railroad, was killed in a wreck at Elizabeth Furnace, about three miles below Altoona, on Wednesday morning. The unfortunate man was one of the oldest engineers on the road, and resided at Harrisburg, where he leaves a wife but no children.

—In addition to a ravenous little worm which was discovered at work on the tender blades of wheat in Chester county last week, the farmers have within the past few days found the presence of rust, which is alarming them very much. In some sections this blight is so marked as to leave no doubt as to its lasting effects on the crop. No more than half a crop is looked for.

—Al. Corley, hailing from Indiana county, visited New Florence on Thursday of last week and traded a horse for a cow. After taking several "bracers" he hitched the bovine in a buggy and proceeded to take a drive. The cow soon demonstrated that she wasn't built that way, and Corley spent the afternon gathering up the fragments of the vehicle, which were scattered promiscously through the streets of that ancient borough.

—The father of the Nively boys was here visiting his sons the other day. He has not yet given up hope for a commutation of sentence and will ask the Pardon Board for a rehearing of the case. He says he has some important additional evidence to lay before the Board, and he thinks a rehearing will be granted. He says he has already spent six thousand dollars in his effort to clear his sons and will spend all he is worth. —*Indiana Messenger.*

—City, county, borough and township officers should not lose sight of the fact that under a recent act of the legislature, no tax levied by them can remain a lien on real estate longer than two years from the time of the assessment, unless the same is recorded in the Prothonotary's office and no lien for a longer period than five years, unless the same is revived and continued by a writ of *scire facias* within the said period and duly prosecuted to judgment.

—A Philadelphia angler has made a wager of $100 a side with a non believer in the power of a fly rod and reel to the effect that the angler is to land a man whose weight is one hundred pounds, inside of a given time, with an ordinary fly rod, line and reel, the hook to be firmly fastened in the clothing of the man in the water and the latter is to be allowed to make every endeavor to escape by using his swimming powers only to break the tackle.

—Last week, while Albert Burbank, of Armstrong county, was visiting friends near Port Royal, he went out hunting and in passing through "wild cat hollow," on the Baughman farm, one-half mile from West Newton, his dog run some animal into a hole at the roots of a large tree. Burbank began to dig and came upon an old iron pot, almost a shell of rust, which contained about a gallon of gold and silver coin, English, French and U. S., dated 1796 and 1804.

—The trial of T. V. Powderly, William R. Byrnes and Peter Wise on the charge of conspiracy, preferred by Hon. Edward Callaghan, of Westmoreland county, took place in court at Greensburg on Monday before Judge Doty. There was not a particle of evidence against the accused men, and the jury was out but a few minutes when it returned with a verdict of not guilty and that the county should pay the costs. Mr. Powderly left at once for Canoss, N. Y., where he delivered a lecture on Tuesday.

—Mr. Charley Trainor, formerly a special policeman on the P. R. R., but for some time past a conductor on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad, is in Johnstown, says the *Tribune* of that city. He came east with the body of Freeman McBurney, a brakeman belonging to his crew, who was killed in an accident at Palestine, Ohio, on Monday night. The body was taken to Ninevah, near which place McBurney's sister—Mrs. Mack—lives. The body was buried at Fairview, Westmoreland county. McBurney was about twenty-three years of age and unmarried.

—The following remarks from the Montgomery *Advocate*, on the subject of roads, are as true as gospel and have our unqualified indorsement: "Roads that are well worked and kept in first-class condition attract population, increase the order of real estate and property generally, reduce the cost of transportation and thus encourage the greater exchange of products between sections, and promote intercourse and development wherever they may exist. It has been truly said that 'the road is that physical sign or symbol by which you will best judge and understand any age or people.' If they have no roads they are wanting in civilization, for the road is the creation of man and the type of civilized and intelligent society.

—Frank S. Westbrook, son of N. B. Westbrook, agent for the Pennsylvania railroad at Sonman, fell under the wheels of a freight train at New Florence, Westmoreland county, on Wednesday morning and had his left arm cut off near the shoulder and his left leg near the knee. Although surgical aid was near at hand, promptly summoned and everything possible done to save his life, his injuries were too severe and he died soon afterward. The deceased was twenty-one years of age last November, and the day before reaching his majority was married to a daughter of Captain W. H. Kreider, of Altoona. He was in the employ of Mr. John Hughes (farmer) for a few months a year or more ago and was well known here. After leaving Mr. Hughes he went to railroading and at the time of his death was employed as a brakeman.

—Last Sunday evening as Mrs. Anthony McCue, of Tunnelhill, an old lady aged 87 years, was crossing a street in that place from a neighbor's to her home, she was knocked down by a passing buggy and seriously, if not fatally, injured. She was caught in the wheels and dragged some distance, her knee being knocked out of place and it is believed she is injured internally. She was taken to the Altoona Hospital on Tuesday for treatment and owing to her age her case is serious. Strange to say, the occupants of the buggy, a young man and lady, never stopped to render assistance to the old lady or to see how badly she was hurt, but drove on and left her lying in the street. Much indignation is felt by the people of Tunnelhill over the conduct of the occupants of the vehicle and there is talk of prosecution. The young man is said to be from Ebensburg but as he denies that he is the party, we forbear mentioning his name.

—J. Wilkinson & Son, marble and granite dealers of Ebensburg, Pa., wish to inform the public that they are prepared to fill all orders for cemetery work, in either marble or granite, at figures that defy competition. The artistic excellence and superior workmanship of their designs are evidenced by the many specimens now on exhibition at their establishment and by the numberless designs which they have erected in the various cemeteries in this county and elsewhere. Every department of their business is in the hands of skillful and competent workmen, who are capable of executing any piece of work, from the plainest to the most elaborate, which together with the personal supervision that every job receives is a guarantee that perfect satisfaction will be given to the most exacting of patrons. They have ordered forty tons of marble which will arrive in March and April, and they will then have as fine a stock of the best marble that ever came to Western Pennsylvania. Persons wishing anything in their line would do well to give them a call before leaving their order with any other manufacturer, as you can depend upon getting a good job at a fair price.

Marriage Licenses Issued.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, May 21, 1890:

Samuel L. Bair and Katie L. Price, Johnstown.

Augustin Speigelhalter and Emma Buck, Gallitzin.

Earnest Bishoff and Mollie Welfel, Johnstown.

Frank G. Connor and Annie E. Williams, Coopersdale.

Abram L. Welgle and Mary J. Varner, South Fork.

John Buttner and Mary Bock, Morrellville.

Bernard Glancy, Bennington, Blair county and Mary Toohey, Tunnelhill.

Sylvester A. Cherry, Philadelphia and Martha J. McCabe, East Conemaugh.

John Mudrige and Lilly Dingle, South Fork.

Francis S. Yingling, Altoona, Blair county and Mattie E. Gutwald, Cresson.

Charles Yarnell and Ann Harnett, Johnstown.

Andy Cebua and Ylona Bratofsky, Johnstown.

William H. Plummer and Minnie A. Johnson, Ashville.

Victor E. Gill, Chest township and Laura Cassidy, Clearfield township.

James T. Platt, Ashville and Mary Miller, Chest Springs.

Ambrose. D. Johnston, Ashville and Annie C. Toole, Delaney.

Thomas Brannagan, Johnstown and Mary Ellen Gallagher, West Taylor township.

Andrew Wolk and Mary Trelesnk, Scoppstown.

John G. Shoemaker and Mary Madden, Johnstown.

Wesley J. Seigh and Mary E. Shomo, Johnstown.

Thomas K. Delaney and Mary J. Watkins, Johnstown.

John H. Bowman and Annie J. Bowers, Johnstown.

The Anniversary of the Johnstown Disaster.

A meeting of the newspaper men who worked at Johnstown during the flood, and covered themselves with glory and brick dust—the old "pug mill," was held in the office of W. C. Connelly, of the Associated Press, Saturday afternoon, to make arrangements for the proper celebration of the first anniversary. W. C. Connelly was made chairman and C. H. Howell secretery. It was decided that all Pittsburg newspaper men should make a trip to Johnstown on the 31st of this month and a special committee of three was appointed to make arrangements with the railroad company for a special train. A listing committee was also appointed to prepare a roster of all newspaper men who worked at Johnstown. A ways and means committee was also named to provide nourishment for the crowd. It was also decided to extend an invitation to all the local newspaper men who had not been to Johnstown to be guests on that occasion. The affair occurring as it does on Saturday will prevent a number from participating in the affair, while it will afford an opportunity to others.—*Pittsburg Leader.*

A Honey Thief Shot.

Several evenings ago Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Row, of Ludwick, had occasion to come to town. Mr. Row has of late years been extensively engaged in raising bees and has from 40 to 50 hives. Before leaving for town Mr. Row placed a shot gun so as to point in the direction of the walk between the boxes, and attached a wire to the trigger and back to the walk. Some time between 9 and 10 o'clock, a young man who resides in that place, whose name we decline to give, went into the yard and took off several boxes of honey, then kicked over a couple of the hives. Finally he touched the wire and set off the gun. About half the load took lodging in the thief's hip, causing a very painful wound. The young man yelled at the top of his voice with pain, though he finally scrabbled home, where he can be found but not by any means in a good humor.—*Greensburg Record.*

The Usual

treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands of despairing patients can testify. A trustworthy medical writer says: "Proper local treatment is positively necessary to success, but most of the remedies in general use by physicians afford but temporary benefit. A cure cannot be expected from snuffs, powders, douches and washes." Ely's Cream balm is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action, specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.

The Wopsononock Railroad.

At a meeting of the directors of the Altoona and Wopsononock company on Friday evening it was decided to ask for proposals for the grading of roadbed, and also to apply for a State charter. The route has been adopted and the ties are already prepared for use, while $16,000 worth of additional stock was subscribed the past week, making the project an assured fact. The proposed new road is looked forward to with the greatest eagerness by the people of this city and county.—*Altoona Graphic-News.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. Sold at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

A Shooting at Summerhill.

On Thursday evening of last week two strangers, giving their names as Bert Rees and F. E. Decker, arrived at Summerhill and stopped at Henry Rorabaugh's. On Friday they wandered around through the town until between 4 and 5 o'clock when they started out for a walk. They had been away but a short time when they returned, Rees with a bullet wound in his breast. According to his story his companion had deliberately shot him but for what cause he refused to make known, while Decker, who done the shooting, claimed that it was accidental. There was considerable mystery about the affair and neither party seemed inclined to tell exactly how the shooting occurred. But a description published in the Altoona papers of two thieves who had been operating in that city and who had skipped out on Thursday morning, seemed to throw some light on the identity of the pair. The description tallied with that of the two men, and on Monday a man from Altoona identified them as the same men who were in Altoona, where they had been boarding with Mrs. Davis Gibbony, and who had suddenly left on Thursday morning, taking with them $25.00 in cash which they had stolen from a stand drawer, and a number of other articles, including a couple pairs of pantaloons belonging to Mr. Gibbony, one pair of which Decker was wearing when identified. Decker was arrested and taken to Altoona to answer the charge of larceny and Rees will also be taken there when able to be moved.

The Altoona *Tribune* of Wednesday morning has the following:

Bert Rees, the man who was accidentally shot at Summerhill on Friday night last by F. M. Decker, his companion, was brought from that place Tuesday afternoon on Mail train by Constable Miller. The ambulance had been previously summoned and was at the station awaiting the arrival of the train. The wounded man was taken to the hospital where he is resting easy. His father accompanied him, having come on from his home in Elmira, N. Y., where he was telegraphed to regarding the wounding of his son.

Decker, the companion of the younger Rees, was given a hearing yesterday before Alderman Akers on the charge of larceny and defrauding a boarding house keeper. He submitted to the charge of taking clothing, but denied having taken the $25 which was missing from the boarding-house of Mrs. Davis Gibbony, where he and his companion had boarded. Even the hat which he was wearing was stolen property, the name of the owner being on the inside of the sweat band. He will be taken to Hollidaysburg to-day. Rees will be given a hearing as soon as he recovers sufficiently.

A Fatal Accident.

On Tuesday morning about nine o'clock Mr. John J. Davis, a well-known farmer and lumberman of Cambria township, residing on a farm about four miles north of Ebensburg, on the old Carrolltown road, was instantly killed by the falling of a tree. Mr. Davis, along with his farm, operated a steam sawmill and cut a large amount of heavy lumber. In order to fill out a bill that he was cutting it was found necessary to go to the woods and cut a tree, there being no logs in the yard from which to cut the lumber desired. David Davis, a son, and another young man started to the woods to cut the tree when Mr. Davis accompanied them against their protests, as they informed him that they could do the work themselves and there was no necessity for his going along. After cutting the tree until it was nearly ready to fall, they warned him to get out of the way which he did, going far enough to be clear of the falling tree. But in falling, the tree struck a dead beech which it broke off and threw in the direction of Mr. Davis, striking him on the top of his head, crushing his skull and killing him instantly. David, his son, made a narrow escape as he was within a few feet of his father at the time. A spring wagon was taken to the woods and the lifeless remains conveyed to the sorrow-stricken home he had left but a short time before. Mr. Davis was an honest, upright man and an enterprising citizen, whose sudden taking off will be deeply deplored by all acquainted with him. He was about 62 years of age and leaves a wife, three sons and four daughters, all of whom, with the exception of one daughter who is married and lives in Pittsburg, resided at the homestead. His funeral will take place to-day (Thursday), leaving the house at one o'clock and from thence to Lloyd's cemetery where he will be laid to rest.

Obituary.

MAGEHAN.—Died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Dorsey King, in Johnstown, on Friday, May 16, 1890, Mrs. Mary Magehan in the 88th year of her age.

Mrs. Magehan, whose maiden name was Glass, was born in what is now Munster township, in this county, on the 26th day of October, 1802, and was the daughter of George Glass, one of the pioneer settlers of that locality. She was married in 1827 to Michael Dan Magehan, Esq., then a rising young lawyer who afterwards became distinguished in his profession and who, up to the time of his death which occurred twenty-six years ago was a leading member of the Cambria County Bar. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Magehan made their home at Ebensburg and, with the exception of a residence in Pittsburg for a short time, they continued to reside here until the death of Mr. Magehan which occurred in this place on February 6, 1864, when the family removed to Johnstown. Mrs. Magehan is remembered here for her kind and genial disposition and had many warm friends among the older people. She leaves to survive her two daughters, Mrs Dorsey King and Mrs. Lewis Baumer, and one son, William J. Magehan, all of whom reside in Johnstown.

The deceased was a devoted member of the Catholic Church and during her last illness received all its consolations. On Monday her remains were taken to St. John's Catholic Church in Johnstown where a Requium Mass was celebrated, after which they were brought to Ebensburg, arriving on the noon train and thence to the Catholic cemetery where they were laid to rest alongside of her deceased husband. May she rest in peace.

Flag Presentation.

To the members of Lieut. Hugh Jones Camp, No. 227, Sons of Veterans:

You will meet at the regular place of meeting on Friday evening, May 23, 1890, at 6:45, (Drum Corps will report at the same time,) and march from Hall to the front of the Opera House, where the flag will be presented to the Camp by George M. Reade, Esq., in behalf of Lieut. Hugh Jones' Sons, of Boston, Mass. Alvin Evans, Esq., will receive the flag in behalf of the Camp, after which they will march back to the Hall and hold their regular meeting. Every brother is expected to be in line. By order of

JAMES T. YOUNG,
Captain.

P. S.—Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic are respectfully invited to be present.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of the low test short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., New York.

TRIAL LIST.

List of cases set down for trial at a Court of Common Pleas to be held at Ebensburg on the second Monday of June next.

Indiana Co. Dep. Bank vs. Anna.

Anna	vs. Harter et al.
Betz	vs. Oaks.
Fisher et al	vs. Rager et al.
Horner	vs. Richardson.
Christy	vs. Mitchell et al.
Horner	vs. Barnhart.
Chamin	vs. Cambria Iron Co.
McKay	vs. Anderson.
Neary	vs. I. R. R.
Hannan	vs. McAteer.
Hileman	vs. Troxell.
McIntyre	vs. McIntyre.
Knepper	vs. Knepper et al.
Botts	vs. Ashville Bor.
Findley	vs. Haywood.
Bowman	vs. Barnhart.
Creswell	vs. Cole.
Farber	vs. Haywood.
Irwin	vs. Gill.
Same	vs. Kutruff.
Kline	vs. Elliot.
Hagan	vs. Litzinger.
Rubrets	vs. Custer.
Barnes	vs. Rhoads.

JAS. C. DARBY, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, May 5th, 1890.

JOHN C. FINCH,
DEALER IN
Golden - Wedding - Rye - Whiskies,
136 WATER STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.

Oldest established house in the city, where nothing but pure goods are put up, strictly for family and medicinal use. Nothing better than Golden Wedding. Next on the list, Guckenheimer's, Gray's Monongahela Rye; these goods are leading brands. Brandies of vintage of 1878 on hand. Gins, Holland and Domestic, also Old Tom. Finch's Golden Wedding, $1.00 for full quart, 6 for $5.00; Guckenheimer's the same; Monongahela, $8.00 per dozen. Wines, $5.00 per dozen, $2.50 for one-half dozen. Securely boxed. Also have in stock, Grandichere Cuoice, at $2.00 per gallon, barrels at special rates. Apr. 25, '90-ly

PILES SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. DR. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. Swayne's Ointment is sold by druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of price, 50 cents, a box; 3 boxes, $1.25. Address letter, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

ITCHING PILES.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES.

The simple application of "Swayne's Ointment" relieves any internal Itching, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Pimples, Eruptions, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cents a box. 3 boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

Pianos-Organs.

The improved method of fastening strings of Pianos, invented by us, is one of the most important improvements ever made, making the instrument more richly musical in tone, more durable, and less liable to get out of tune.

Both the Mason & Hamlin Organs and Pianos excel chiefly in that which is the chief excellence in any musical instrument, quality of tone. Other things though important are much less so than this. An instrument with unmusical tones cannot be good. Illustrated catalogues of new styles, introduced this season, sent free.

MASON & HAMLIN
Organ and Piano Co.
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.
april1-4t

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on Monday, the 9th day of June, 1890, by H. F. Wentz, W. W. Betts, W. B. Bigler, E. A. Hivler and William Emory, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "THE WALNUT RUN COAL CO.," the character and object of which is for the purpose of excavating, boring for and mining, producing and dealing in coal in Cambria county, Penna., with the right to acquire, lease, sublease and dispose of such real and personal property as may be necessary in carrying on the business of the company and for this purpose to have, possess and enjoy the powers and privileges expressed and given in the 39th Section of the Corporation Act of 1874 and the supplements thereto.

FRANK FIELDING,
ma16 3t Solicitor.

PERUVIAN TONIC LIVER REGULATOR.

The only sure and radical cure for

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, INDICESTION,

and all disorders of the liver, and has cured hundreds of people and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful physicians have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair county, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by D. T. Ketring, Williamsburg, Pa., for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle.

None genuine except label shows the Indian arrow-head trade mark.

April 25th, '90-ly.

Steam Saw Mill

FOR SALE

The subscriber will sell at private sale a thirty-five horse power Engine, Boiler and

SAW MILL COMPLETE,

nearly new, and in good running order. It is at present located near Mineral Point, where it can be seen. It will be sold at a bargain.

HARRISON BURKHART,
Call on or address at Mineral Point, Cambria county, Penn'a. ma16 8t

MEN WANTED
ON SALARY.

To reliable men we will give steady employment and LIBERAL SALARY, paying their traveling expenses. We grow our own stock exclusively and GUARANTEE it to be strictly first class in every particular, true to name as ordered. Full instructions furnished. Experience unnecessary. Apply at once, stating age. Address E. C. PIERSON & CO., Maple Grove Nurseries, Waterloo, N. Y. (Established over 20 yrs. ma2-3mNR

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK,
General Insurance Agent,
EBENSBURG, PA.

AGENTS WANTED. to canvass for the sale of our Home-Grown Nursery Stock. Most Liberal Terms UNEQUALED FACILITIES. One of the largest, oldest-established, and best known Nurseries in the country. Address W. & T. SMITH, Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y. Established in 1866.
ma23 6t cow.

WE ARE AS LOYAL TO OUR CUSTOMERS as a Soldier to his Country.

Everybody is dealt with alike. Money refunded if goods are not as represented. We don't go peddling from house to house (like some of our competitors) coaxing trade away from other stores, but obtain our trade in a fair and square way. Owing to the justice of our prices we never have any trouble to obtain trade. We have a May Festival in store for our customers if they only come and take advantage of it, and we will guarantee to save all 33 per cent. by dealing with us. We offer wonderful Bargains:

500 pair of Pants guaranteed all wool at $2.50. 500 new styles of Suits for Children ranging in age from 4 to 14, $1.24. 300 new styles wool Suits for children, $1.98. Any number of boys' Suits with long pants, $2.50. 1,000 pair of children's pants at 19c. a pair. Good all wool Suits for boys ranging in age from 15 to 19, $4.50. Men's good dress Suits, well worth $9.00, at $5.75 each. Men's good cork screw Suits, all colors, $10.00. Men's good whole Suits, blue or black, at $12.50 each. With every youth's Suit purchased of us a base ball, bat and cap goes with it. So come at once, boys, and obtain the necessary requisite for a summer's sport.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Is there any merchant in Cambria county who keeps the assortment we do? We ask you this question. Good Toweling, 4 and 5c. per yard. Unbleached Muslin, 5 and 6c. per yard. Bleached Muslin, 5c. per yard. Good Calico, 3 and 5c. Ginghams, 5, 6 and 7c. Best Linen Towels, 8c. White Linen Napkins, 5c. Clark's Spool Cotton, best, 4c. Finest Dress Ginghams, 7c. Best Challies, 6c. Ladies best Silk Vests, 29c. Ladies' Vests, 10c. Ladies' Handkerchiefs free with every sale of Dry Goods; also a nice assortment of needles and darners given away free. Greatna plaids, 10c. Diagonal Dress Goods, 15c. Knickerbocker, double width, all colors, 15c. A nice lot of Sateens, all shades 15c. Fine Mohair Dress Goods, gray, black or blue, 15c. Best Mohair in all leading shades, 35c. Silk Alapaca Dress Goods, best in the market and sold at other stores at 65c. and 75c., we sell at 50c. Fine Black Henrietta Cloth, from 50c. up to 99c. Double width White Goods, White Cambrics, 10c., 12c. and 15c. Finest Sibrt Embroideries, well worth $1.50 per yard, we are selling at 85c. Flouncing, 45c. and 50c. Fine embroideries, from 3c. per yard up. Ladies' Night Gowns, 60c. Ladies' White Skirts, embroidered, 25c. A nice line of Plush Ornaments for fancy work at 25c. a dozen. Baby Dresses, from 75c. upwards.

OUR SHOE DEPARTMENT

can not be excelled anywhere and our prices are the lowest. Men's good working Shoes (Brogans), 98c. Men's good solid dress Shoes, 99c. Men's dress Shoes, $1.25. Men's calf Shoes, $1.48. Men's fine Shoes, lace, Congress or button—specially made for us—at $1.74, well worth $2.50. Men's good Dongola dress Shoes, $2.50. Kangaroo Shoes, hand sewed, $3.74. Ladies' Dress Shoes, 98c. Ladies' Dongola Shoes, hand sewed, $1.48. Ladies' spring heel Shoes, $2.00. Ladies' fine "Common Sense" Shoes, $1.74. Ladies' Oxford ties, patent leather tips, 75c. Ladies' finest French kik, Common Sense, Opera Toe, $2.48 per pair. Children's Dress Shoes, 22c. per pair. Children's fine kik Shoes, 48c. Children's kid Shoes, spring heel, 65c. Children's tan colored Shoes, 50c. Misses' Dongola spring heel, high cut, $1.25. Misses' French kid or spring heel, sizes 11 to 2, $1.25

GUS. SIMON'S,
The Largest & Cheapest Store in Cambria Co.

Political Announcements.

Cards in this column will be inserted from now until the primary elections, on the 7th of June, next, at the following rates: For Assembly $5.00; For Treasurer, $5.00; For Commissioner, $5.00; For Auditor, $2.00. All cards must be accompanied by the cash.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.
JOHN E. McKENZIE.
Chest Springs, April 1, 1890.

ASSEMBLY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of Member of the Legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
Gallitzin, March 1, 1890. M. FITZHARRIS.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—Ed. T. McNeelis, of Johnstown, Pa., subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
Johnstown, Feb. 28, 1890.

FOR ASSEMBLY.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.
JACOB ZIMMERMAN.
Johnstown, Feb. 25, 1890.

LEGISLATURE.—I will be a candidate for the nomination of Assembly at the Democratic primaries on June 7th, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
JOHN E. STRAYER.
West Taylor township, February 26, 1890.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer at the next Democratic primary election, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
P. BOYLE.
Fifteenth ward, Johnstown, March 29, 1890.

COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of County Treasurer, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
CHARLES HOFMANN.
Johnstown, March 24, 1890.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Democratic party.
PHILIP J. SANDERS.
Munster township, Feb. 27, 1890.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer at the next Democratic primary election, subject to the rules of the Democratic party.
HENRY J. HOPPEL.
Barr township, Feb. 10, 1890.

COUNTY TREASURER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination to the office of County Treasurer, subject to the rules governing the Democratic party.
C. J. MAYER.
Johnstown, Pa., Feb. 12, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.
PATRICK O'DOWD.
Tunnelhill, April 2, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
JOHN CAMPBELL.
Johnstown, March 17, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of the office of County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
JOHN KIRBY.
Johnstown, March 10, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the nomination of County Commissioner, subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.
W. A. LANTZY.
Upper Yoder township, March 3, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
JOHN BEARER.
Susquehanna township, Feb. 24, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
PATRICK E. DILLON.
Elder township, Feb. 22, 1890.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
WILLIAM J. TIERNEY.
Cambria township, Feb. 18, 1890.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Democratic primary election.
JOSEPH HIPPS.
Chest township, March 17, 1890.

GEO. M. READE,

The Cliff and Cave Dwellers.

For a great number of years in the the past travelers and explorers in the Southwestern portion of our country have been astonished by curious buildings, perched high up in the precipitous cliffs or buried in the deep caves and caverns of that district, whose buildings and occupants have long since disappeared. These have figured so often in prose and even in poetry, in pictures and in models by scientific investigating parties, that a person must be very far behind the progress of the age who has not read or heard in some way of the ancient cave and cliff dwellings of our far Southwest. The dwellers themselves had either disappeared by emigration or had become extinct on the very ground where their curious homes had been built; although other evidences of them besides these homes were still to be seen in their singularly made pottery and household utensils, and an occasional more or less perfect skeleton here and there.

Still living in the land of the extinct cliff and cave dweller were two radically different kinds of wild savages; but nothing that could be learned from them, directly or indirectly, seemed to furnish a key as to what race these curious semi-aerial, cliff dwelling people could have belonged. There were many nomadic races, represented by the Apache Indian as the best typical case, that never built any homes beyond those needed from day to day, or for a single season at the furthest, and that lived by the chase and plunder of other tribes more industrious in collecting the comforts of a home, however rude, but probably far less combative as a whole. How many tribes of this warlike, nomadic character there have been in the past it is hard to judge, for they, of all others, would have left no signs of their presence behind them had they disappeared by extinction or emigration to other parts. Certain it is that none of the present nomadic wanderers of the far Southwest seem to know anything, either by legend or tradition, of the ancient cave and cliff dwellers and look on them as having become extinct, or having disappeared long before their forefathers came to this common country.

The Senate Gavel.

The Vice President's gavel is of itself a standing evidence that the Senate is an orderly body and needs noschoolmaster for a presiding officer to compel quiet. The gavel has no handle. It never did have any. It is simply a little piece of white ivory like the head of a gavel, polished and shining. It would not do in the House at all, for the most that can be done with it is to give a gentle rapping on the desk, and in the other wing the Speaker sometimes needs to hammer away like a man with a beetle. This Senate gavel, with which Vice-President Morton tells the Senators they are making too much noise has been in existance and in use as a gavel for many years. It is the identical one, it is said, which was in use when Daniel Webster was in the Senate, and probably was used the day he made his reply to Hayne, to still the buzz in the gallery when the great man sat down. This, at any rate, was said to be true the other day.

There is a mystery about the gavel, too. Nobody but Capt. Bassett, the white-haired door-keeper, knows what becomes of it during the recess and when Congress is not in session. The venerable old Capt. Bassett takes it from the Vice-President's desk when the Senate adjourns and hides it somewhere, and it is lost to the world until it is again needed by the Vice-President. Capt. Bassett knows the history of the gavel, as he does of everything else about the Senate chamber, for he has been there since some time in the thirties or forties, when he first received his appointment—as a page, it is said—through the influence of Daniel Webster. It has been suggested that Capt. Basset carries the gavel in his pocket as a mascot when the Senate is not in session, though this is probably not true.

When Niagara Ran Dry.

A New York pioneer says that on March 29, 1848, for a few hours scarce any water passed over Niagara Falls. The winter had been an extraordinary severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains had the effect of loosening the congealed mass, and during the day mentioned a stiff east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sundown the wind suddenly changed and blew a heavy gale from the west. This turned the ice in its course, bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara River and piling it up in a solid mass.

The force of it was so great that soon the outlet of Lake Erie was so completely choked up that little or no water could pass. Soon all the water below the barrier had passed over the falls, and when the inhabitants awoke the next morning a weird spectacle met their gaze. The roaring tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold black rock were visible everywhere. Crowds of spectators witnessed this sight, and the banks on either side of the river were lined with people all day long until the ice in the lake was released from its position, and the wall of the waters returned to their usual course.

Mixing of Melons and Cucumbers.

When cucumbers are planted near melons and both are in bloom at the same time, the different plants are apt to become mixed to some extent by the visits of bees, which carry pollen from one to the other. To some extent the effect of the mixutre is apparent the same year in the fruit, but the next year it is much more so when the cross bred plants are produced from the seed. This first year's mixture is however, rare, and has only occurred with the writer once in several years' experience. It is safest to procure fresh seed every year for small gardens in which related plants are necessarily grown close to each other.

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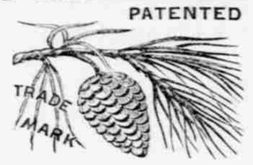

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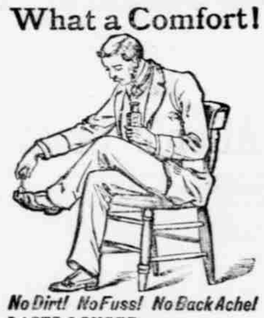

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Superstitions of the Chidese.

It has often been a matter of conjecture why a Chinaman should be so particular in sleeping with his head toward the east. When at home, or traveling, or visiting, the Celestial, if among strangers, exercises no little care to avoid sleeping in any other position than the one which he has been brought up to look upon as the most correct and healthful to his mind.

According to the Chinese superstition it is exceedingly dangerous to sleep with the head to the setting sun. The sleeper might justly fear darkness, unhappiness and death; that is, of course, if he is a believer. From the north comes coldness, lonliness and barreness, and to sleep with head in that direction would be to bring down upon himself and family these products of the pole.

The south signifies passing glory; a limitation of wealth, health and happiness. Therefore, that is extremely undesirable. But to the east—the source of the rising sun in all its splendor—is where the Celestial looks for all his good gifts. From it come (so he believes) light, life, wealth and happiness. No misery, or wretchedness, or want can come from the glorious east; so he must sleep with head in that direction, in order to get the full benefit of the good gifts which will surely come to him.

Often, in traveling, Chinamen carry a mariner's pocket-compass, in order that, when the time comes to retire, they may discover which way to point their heads. If the make a mistake and sleep the wrong way, they are likely to lose so much health and happiness. With a dead Chinaman this is reversed; for we believe that after death the body has nothing to loose, and the head, therefore, is placed before the west.

It is a fact worthy of notice and mention that those Chinamen who have become Christianized follow the old superstition about sleeping just as much as the heathen who steps his foot on American soil for the first time. They look upon it as truth, and not superstition, from childhood up, and it is hard to break down the teachings of a mother and father, especially in China.

Indian Humor.

The Indian has a keen appreciation of humor, and is like a child in his mirthfulness. No orator can see the weak points in his adversary's armor or silence a foolish speaker more quickly.

Old Shah-bah-sk ng, the head chief of Mille Lac, brought all his warriors to defend Fort Ripley in 1862. The Secretary of the Interior and the Governor and Legislature of Minnesota promised these Indians that for this act of bravery they should have the special care of the Government and never be removed. A few years later a special agent was sent from Washington to ask the Ojibways to cede their lands and to remove to a country north of Leech Lake. The agent asked my help. I said: "I know that country. I have camped on it. It is the most worthless strip of land in Minnesota. The Indians are not fools. Don't attempt this folly You will surely come to grief." He called the Indians in council and said: "My red brothers, your great father has heard how you have been wronged. He said, 'I will send them an honest man.' He looked in the North, the South, the East and the West. When he saw me he said: 'This is the honest man whom I will send to my red children.' Brothers, look at me! The winds of fifty-five years have blown over my head and silvered it over with gray, and in all that time I have never done wrong to any man. As your friend, I ask you to sign this treaty."

Old Shah-bah-skong sprang to his feet and said: "My friend, look at me! The winds of more than fifty winters have blown over my head and silvered it with gray; but they have not blown my brains away"

The council was ended.

Wedding Rings.

The latest thing in wedding rings comes from England, and is a narrow but thick circlet of 22 carat fine gold. This has come in fashion in America in the course of the last year, replacing the old style ring, which is both heavy and wide, being sometimes half an inch broad. These latter have been in use as far back as I can remember. The Germans always buy two plain gold rings, the lady giving one to her betrothed and he one to her. The "alliance" ring is sometimes called for, and often manufactured to order. It is made of two circlets fitting into each other and coming apart something like a puzzle, and is a revival of a very old style. The ordinary wedding ring costs rrom $7.50 to $15, although the English ring is somewhat more expensive. In engagement rings individual taste is the only law, but set stones are great favorites. A novelty is a ring of three circlets, almost as narrow as wire, each set with a band of different stones, such as pearls, turquoises and conch-shells.

The Foolish Ox.

An old farmer had two oxen that he wanted to fatten, so he put them in a corral and then gave them all the corn they could eat.

"This is a picnic," said one. "I am getting fat as an alderman, and my digestive apparatus was never better. Our master is truly a gentleman and a scholar."

"He is also a business man," replied his mate, "and the first thing you know you will be turned into porter-house steak. Better do as I do and stay lean."

"Being lean and tough will not save you," replied his neighbor, "for you will in that case be sold to the butcher. Since the same fate awaits us both, I shall be ahead, as I am having heaps of fun now."

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Sholoh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if is does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.

It Makes You Hungry

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The Best Spring Medicine.

"In the spring of 1887 I was all run down. I would get up in the morning with no appetite, feeling, and was so weak that I could hardly get around. I bought a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound, and before I had taken it a week I felt very much better. I can cheerfully recommend it to all who need a building up and strengthening medicine." Mrs. B. A. Dow, Burlington, Vt.

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It will draw ten gallons of water per minute. No rope has to be packed, pulleys or thirty-ed cent. A child can work it. Any ordinary pump will cause from a 10 ft. well. No wood lining to rot or cave in. No machinery or valves to get out of order. It is a self-cleaning force pump, and requires no repairs. It will not rust or corrode, as the whole is made of galvanized iron. It is the simplest and most durable force pump made for public or private use. It can be set up in fifteen minutes, as there is nothing to fasten to or below the platform. It will not freeze in cisterns, stand the test of a Dakota winter, or decompose the water, as it neither contains nor touches decomposing substances. The cistern should be filled with water before the pump is set up. You do not have to spend half a day pumping out a hogshead of water to get a fresh, cool supply. A small quantity of water is drawn from the cistern, a partial vacuum is formed, a small quantity of air to the bottom, and then with cold water for the entire occupant.

Price $10 for a ten-foot well or cistern; 50 cents for every additional foot in depth, after 10 feet.

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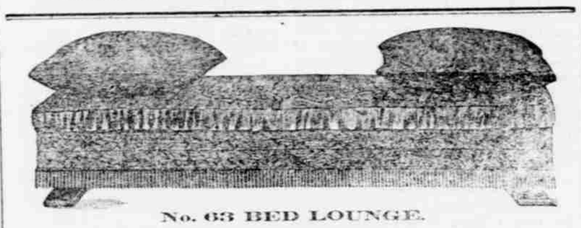
Purifies by Aeration.



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HANDSOME, INDESTRUCTIBLE. Cheaper than Wood.

Transfer entrance Picket Fence with gate. (This is not a nothing.) can be used on Iron or Wood Posts. When writing for prices give Quantity, Number of Gates, Double and Single, Wanted. We also Manufacture Heavy Iron Fencing, Creeting, Stable Fittings, Fire Shutters and FIRE ESCAPES, Cells, Doors, and Railings, Brass and Iron Grills, WIRE DOOR AND WINDOW SCREENS, and all kinds of WIRE WORK.

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Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Prospectus free. PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

An Accident in a Spanish Bull-fight.

A few years ago the inhabitants of Seville read with surprise, in the advertisement of an approaching bull fight, this unusual notice:

"When the third bull shall have attacked the picadors and received three pairs or banderillas, a young peasant, by whom it has been brought up, will appear in the ring. He will approach the bull, caress it, sud, after removing the banderillas, one after another, will lie down between its horns."

The announcement of so singular a feat attracted an immense crowd to the amphitheater. The third bull appeared, an animal with splendid horns and very brave; It slew four horses, received the banderillas, and became furious. Then, contrary to custom, all the toreadors retired from the ring, leaving the bull stamping and shaking the bloody darts which hung from his neck.

All at once a long whistle was heard. The bull paused and listened. It was repeated. The bull approached the barrier and a young man leaped into the ring, calling the bull by its name, "Mosquito!" The animal knew its master came to caress him, and was appeased. The peasant gave it his hand to lick, and with the other began to scratch it behind the ears—an operation which seemed to afford the brute much pleasure. He then gently removed the banderillas which annoyed the neck of Mosquito, made it go down on its knees, and placed his head between its horns. The grateful bull seemed to listen with pleasure to a pastoral melody sung by its master.

The admiration of the multitude, hitherto suppressed by surprise, burst forth with Andalusian violence and shook the building. Hearing this frenzied applause, which had accompanied all his sufferings, the bull, till then under a charm, appeared to wake and return to reality. It suddenly rose, bellowing, and the peasant tried to escape. But it was too late. The animal, as though furious at being betrayed, tossed the young man into the air, received him again on its horns, gored him, trampled on him, and crushed him to pieces, in spite of the efforts of the toreadors. The performance was suspended—a phenomenon in Spain—and the horrified public quitted the circus in silence.

Discovery of Silk and Satin.

Few people know the discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the Emperor of China, Hoangti, who reigned about two thousand years before the Curistian era; and since that time a special spot has been allotted in gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree and to the keeping of silkworms. Persian monks who came to Constantinople revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk, and gave him some silkworms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century.

When the Popes left Rome to settle at Avingon, France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians, and Louis XI. established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabrics. Francis I. founded the Lyons silk works, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II. of France, wore at the wedding of his sister the first pair of silk hose ever made. The word "satin," which, in the original, was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has, since the last century, been used to designate only tissues which present a lustered surface.

The discovery of this particular brilliant stuff was accidental. Octavio Mai, a silk weaver, finding business very dull and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them to his mouth, which soon after he spat out. Later on he found the little ball of silk on the floor of his workshop, and, attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads, he repeated the experiment, and by using certain mucilaginous preparations succeeded in giving satin to the world.

How Base-Balls are Made.

Automatic machines for making base balls have been so successfully contrived that their introduction is likely to constitute a practical industry. Each machine winds two balls at one time, in the following way:

A little para-rubber ball, weighing three-quarters of an ounce, around which one turn has been made with the end of a skein af an old-fashioned gray stocking yarn, is slipped into the machine, then another, after which the boy in charge touches a lever, the machine starts and the winding begins. The rubber ball is thus hidden in a few seconds, and in its place appears a little gray yarn ball that rapidly grows larger and larger.

When it appears to be about half the size of the regulation base-ball there is a click, the machine stops, the yarn is cut, the boy picks out the ball and tosses it into the basket. When this basket is full it is passed along to another boy, who runs a similar machine, where a half-ounce layer of worsted yarn is put on.

The next machine adds a strong white cotton thread; a coating of rubber cement is next applied and a half-ounce layer of the very best fine worsted completes the ball with the exception of the cover."

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signs perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will Cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Oothers do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Soldby Dr. T. J. Davison

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No appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down," losing flesh, you will find

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THE WONDERFUL METAL POLISH,

For Cleaning and Polishing

BRASS, COPPER, BRONZE, NICKEL, &c.

It will clean Metals with less labor than any preparation ever produced, giving a brilliant lustre which cannot be equaled, and which will last longer than any polish obtained by other means. Sold by the

HARDWARE AND GROCERY STORES.

CANVASSING AGENTS WANTED.

I took Cold, I took Sick, I TOOK

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals, I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

NOT DEAD YET!

VALLIE LUTTRINGER,

MANUFACTURER OF

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE AND TIN ROOFING,

Respectfully invites the attention of his friends and the public in general to the fact that he is still carrying on business at the old stand opposite the Mountain House, Ebensburg, and is prepared to supply from a large stock, of manufacturing to order, any article in his line, from the smallest to the largest, in the best manner and at the lowest living prices.

No penitentiary work either made or sold at this establishment.

TIN ROOFING a SPECIALTY.

Give me a call and satisfy yourselves as to my work and prices.

V. LUTTRINGER,

Ebensburg, April 13, 1883-tf.

C. A. LANGBEIN,

Manufacturer of and Dealer in

ALL KINDS of HARNESS,

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,

COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Shop 4 arker's Row on Centre street.

apr12'91

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

CANCER and Tumors CURED: no knife. book free. Drs. GRATIGNY & Bro. No. 180 Elm St., Cincinnati, O.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Prune trees early for growth and late for fruit.

All foods for plants must be soluble to be available.

Too much and too rich food is often the cause of apoplexy.

Chopped onions fed once or twice a week help to keep fowls healthy.

Dig no trenches around your trees if you do not want to shorten the roots.

Give your fruit trees a good soil. They cannot feed and thrive on nothing.

The shelter that shuts out both rain and cold air is not a profitable structure.

Do your shortening back among your trees before the buds begin to start.

There should always be plenty of clean drinking water in the poultry yard.

Prune a little at a time and avoid the necessity for heavy pruning in the future.

Bone meal mixed with other food is a valuable preventive of leg weakness in young fowls.

Kind but firm treatment is impressively demanded in the training of young animals.

Farmers' clubs can be made profitable in the practical experience each of the members can give.

Remember that with the warm weather come lice, and give good care to prevent them on the sitting hens.

The Pekin is propably the most popular duck for the farm, being hardy, easy to raise and of a nice size and appearance for marketing.

The question of cleanliness and good ventillation of horse and cow stables is all important to owners of stock. Fresh air is the cheapest medicine any animal can take, or furnish for his animals.

A farmer's daughter advises women about to begin turkey raising to start with good stock, and names the new bronze as handsome, salable, thrifty and easier to manage than the common turkey.

Food for horses and cattle should be of the best quality and kept free from dust, moisture and vermin. A very common error in stable management is not properly preventing mice and rats from gaining access to the granary. well-bred animals will often refuse meal of grain that has been run over and soiled by the pests.

Finest Specimen of Sevres in the World.

The so-called Isabey table, considered the finest specimen of Sevres in the world, has been irreparably damaged by the carelessness of the porters engaged at removing it from the building in which it was exhibited during the Paris Exposition. The table was made to the order of the first Napoleon, as exquisite miniatures of that monarch and of his fourteen marshals were executed by Isabey on the porcelain. Four years were consumed in the making of the chief d'œuvre, and for it Napoleon paid the sum of $7,000. At the fall of the Empire the table was returned to the factory for the purpose of having the royal arms and a figure of ivory inserted; this was never done. Then Isabey, hearing that his great work was about to be sold to a speculator, who intended to cut out the portraits of the marshals and sell them separately at extortionate sums, hustled around and induced a private individual, one M. De Serres, to buy the table and preserve it. De Serres paid $12,000 for the treasure and hid it away for thirteen years. In 1830 the famous table was exhibited in Paris and in London. During the reign of Napoleon III. repeated efforts were made to sell it to Eugenie, but the Empress would not buy; so the table remained in the De Serres family until 1887, when it was purchased for $5,000 by the daughter of Isabey, the artist. Set up last year in the Paris Exposition it was conceded by all who saw it to be the masterpiece of Sevres. And so after a notable history, it is crammed from end to end by a blundering Frenchman!

The Theory of Dew.

It is now held by the best physicists that instead of falling from above the dew arises from the earth. The generally received opinion that the dew is formed of vapor existing at the time in the atmosphere must be given up in the established fact that the water which arises from the heated earth is trapped by the cold surface of the B sides, when we imagine that on a cool evening after a sultry day its summer our feet are being wet by the dew on the grass, we make a grave mistake. For that moisture on the grass is not dew at all, it is false dew—in reality the transpired humor of the plant. The drops at the tips, which glitter like diamond-like, are not dew; on the contrary, examination shows that these crystal spheres are all situated at the point where the veins of the leaves end at the outer edges. These drops only give evidence of the vitality of the plant.

The difference between the true dew on the grass and the exuded drops through the veins from within the plant can be easily distinguished, for the former is distributed all over the blade in a moist film; whereas the latter, of some size, and are situated near the tips of the blade. Altered, then, the true meaning of the line: "Ilka blade of grass keeps its ain drap of dew," those brilliant globules on the grass, shaking to the same sweet air, are often "gliding at once all fragrance and one," are no dew drops, but are secretions of the healthy plants. They are evidence of the elixir vitæ of vegetation, whereas, the true dew is the pearly matter, varnished in fi my humidity which the blades by that wondrous alchemy which transforms the water vapor arising from the ground into the pure and freshing dew.

AN emulsion of one quart of kerosene in five gallons of strong soapsuds is an excellent remedy for caterpillars. It will now infest apple trees, but kerosene is fatal to peach trees. The proper time, however, is to tear out all the nests that appear in the trees and burn them, which work should be done late in the afternoon.